

Reformed Church Messenger

Mittelmaß die beste Straß!

Rev T Appel DD 15 July 1873

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Editor.

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Theology and Criticism.

EBRARD ON CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

Christian baptism, according to Ebrard, § 528, is not merely symbolical or declarative: it is a regenerative act that carries the symbolized reality with it; not a mere symbol of something required, but besides that also a pledge and seal of a heavenly act. We no longer hear it said, as in the baptism of John, "Like as thou sinkest into the water, so ought thy old man die; like as thou goest forth again, purified, so oughtest thou go forth as a new man from this baptism." Rather is it said now: "As certainly as thou art now immersed, thou art now buried in the atoning death of Christ and made partaker of His expiation; as certainly as thou now emergest again from the water, a new man is created in thee. Christ is born in thee." Baptism, as the pledge and seal of the fulfilment in the new covenant, stands high above the pledge and seal of the old covenant of types.

All this is clear enough, from the place which the institution of Christian baptism takes in the New Testament economy of salvation, but is confirmed besides by a series of express passages. If it belongs to the essential dignity of Christ, that He should baptize, not merely with water, but with the Holy Ghost as well (Matt. iii. 11), it would be surprising, to begin with, if He should not manifest this, His higher power, in the establishment of His baptism, which, as baptism in the name of the Father, the Son and of the Holy Ghost, He yet so clearly distinguishes from the baptism of repentance. Accordingly, the baptism of the Spirit is regarded as something belonging of right to baptism (Acts viii. 15; x. 47; xix. 6). Also Acts ii. 38, there is promised to the baptized the remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost,—a promise, that is not conceivable without a substantial regeneration. Subjective repentance is nowhere named as the reality of Christian baptism, as it is the reality of John's (Matt. iii. 11). Very clear is the passage Rom. vi. 3, seq. By Christian baptism, we are buried in Christ's atoning death, in order, that with Him, the risen One, we may rise to newness of life. It is not that, in a merely symbolical act, in a baptism of repentance, we declare ourselves worthy of death, but that on the part of the Triune God, a real, invisible act is accomplished in us, the pledge, sign, and seal of which is the visible act. We, the guilty, ought to be given over to death; but instead, we

are buried in the death which Christ died for us; we are crucified with Him but at the same time made partakers of His resurrection no less than of His death; and thus we live to God in Christ. And so (1 Pet. iii. 21) we are saved by baptism, the type of which is not the destruction of the antediluvian world in the flood, but the deliverance of Noah by the flood.

An act which has actual occurrences and facts of redemption as its types, must itself be a fact of redemption and no mere symbol. Only then, can Christian baptism be called (2 Pet. iii. 5) a bath of regeneration and renewing, when in it the old man, with its guilt, is buried in the death of Christ, and a new man is born; that is, when Christ Himself is born in man. "As many as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ" (Gal. iii. 27). Accordingly, Christian baptism in its apostolic form, is a visible act, with which, as a pledge or seal, the Lord has joined, for those to whom Christ has been preached, and who have come to repentance, the invisible, mystical act of a real, substantial regeneration, involving justification once for all, and the beginning of a new life, the beginning of sanctification.

OBJECTIVE GRACE.

We presume the readers of the "Messenger" generally understand what is meant by this expression. A writer signing himself *Heidelberg*, who has been already referred to in these columns, undertakes to ridicule the expression—"The objective virtue of baptism," appearing not to know what it means. He asks what the expression means.

We do not refer to the matter merely to vindicate the expression. We believe it is correct; for baptism is clothed with spiritual power, or gracious power, which is the meaning of the word *virtue*, as here used. It is properly designated as objective, because it inheres in the constitution of the sacrament itself, apart from the subject, who places himself under it. Man's faith or experience in any form, does not constitute the virtue of a sacrament, but its virtue can be available by him, only when he is in proper relation to it. But we do not desire to quibble about words or forms of expression merely. These ought to be correct. But the underlying subject is the main thing, and this opposition to the idea of objective grace in the sacrament reveals an unbelief in the whole idea of an objective constitution of grace. This is a serious defect.

That there is a spiritual order or

world brought to us and made to challenge our faith, a world of spiritual life, which has an existence independent of individual experience, goes before it, and by reason of which experience is only possible, this is the idea which *Heidelberg* impliedly ridicules, when he makes light of the objective virtue of baptism.

Our natural individual life stands in an order of general life, the life of the race, out from which we are born, and in the presence of which only our individual life can be developed. This life, in its most general form, is humanity, or human nature, if you will, and it holds in race, nation, and the family. The general idea here is a reality, not an abstraction.

The first thing proclaimed by John the Baptist, the herald of Christ, and then by Christ Himself, was the presence of a new idea of spiritual life for man—"The kingdom of heaven is at hand." From this we infer, that Christ came, not merely to stir up and quicken a life and an experience in individual men, but that He introduced a new creation, in the bosom of which men could be born anew, and be sanctified and saved.

One form, in which this kingdom reveals its presence, is the Christian Church. In it, as holding the Word and the sacraments, yea, as being the mystical body of Christ, are lodged spiritual powers, by which we are confronted and challenged. The Word, we are told, is quick and powerful, and the sacraments have a power or grace also. Christ reveals a life here, which is more than the life of an individual Christian merely, a life which gives life to believers. This is deeper than individual conscious experience, as all life, indeed, is. It is before faith; for it is this life and grace, which faith apprehends. We are to repent, not in order that by our repentance we may produce grace, but because that grace is at hand to enable us to repent. We are to believe, not in order, that our faith may save us, but because the true object of faith confronts us, and that object is our life. It is life existing before we receive it, but it is life for us, only when we receive it.

It is much, very much, to believe heartily in the presence of such a spiritual world around us, as something more than our experience. Without such faith, experience may decline and mislead. When this experience itself is made the object of our trust, without relating itself to that supernatural world in which we stand, it becomes empty.

It may be easier to understand how this spiritual world reaches us through

the word than through the sacraments, but this is the poorest of all reasons for denying the grace of the sacraments. "The like figure whereunto baptism doth now also save us," says St. Peter. Not that baptism is to be regarded as a saviour in the sense, that Christ saves us, but surely it is to be regarded as clothed with gracious power.

Whether we say simply, "The grace of baptism," or, as directing attention to what it is in its own constitution, "the objective grace of baptism," to attempt to ridicule what is thus expressed reveals a serious defect in theological thinking in reference to the whole subject of objective grace, the whole subject of the relation of the individual Christian's life to the kingdom of grace.

"FAITH ONLY IS SAVING."

Some people have strange ways of putting things. By the above sentence, which is frequently found in the religious papers of the day, many exclude everything else pertaining to the Christian salvation. "Faith only," they say, "is saving;" hence, "all religious ordinances, all personal experience, both sacraments rightly administered, connection with the true Church, personal merit, the means of grace cannot save."

Faith, as thus discriminated, is sundered from all the objective means which God has ordained, and is made to stand alone, as the agency of salvation. The case, as here put, leads, we think, to a wrong understanding of the whole subject. It gives a false value to faith, in the first place, making it the cause, rather than the means of salvation. As to the cause of salvation. Christ in His person and work, stands alone. He is the cause. By Him, and Him only, is it possible to be saved, "There is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved." His name represents Himself—Himself livingly present, as the "only Mediator between God and man."

In the appropriation of this salvation, faith, as a means, is essentially necessary. But faith, in this view, is not a mere personal sentiment of the heart, not a mere subjective feeling, separated abstractly from the objective means, or grace-bearing ordinances, which God has ordained in His Church. In any such abstract character, faith is not saving, except as this may be allowed to be true in some rare and extraordinary circumstances. Faith, as separated from the kingdom of God, and as a mere personal and abstract sentiment of the mind, does not receive the material grace from Christ, the issue of which is personal deliverance from sin,

reconciliation with God, and the actual life of God's dear Son. If it did, then it would follow as a necessary consequence, that the Church was of no material use, that the Holy Sacraments were mere decent formalities, and that the whole objective world of grace was, in its constitution, non-essential in the work of salvation.

But this is not the light in which these objective facts are presented in the Word of God. On the other hand, they are made every where to confront us as the new creation of God—as the kingdom of God—as the actual bearers of the entire saving grace of God in Christ. True faith, and the Church, and her sacraments, and the person of Christ, and the Holy Spirit, are never separated, but are always practically united; and only when faith is seen seizing hold of these supernatural facts, living in the means of grace, and in this real way appropriating the power of the atonement, which is in Christ, can it be said to be true and saving. But if only in this connection, faith is saving, why speak of it as being this in itself, and by itself, as an abstract sentiment? Here is the point of error, and in many cases it is serious and fatal.

The subjective, in the form of faith, can never ordinarily be severed from the objective, in the form of the Church no more than you can sunder the power of vision and its organs and the light of day, and yet preserve the ability to see. In God's plan they are one. If they are thus sundered, the inevitable consequence will be, the utter confusion of the mind in regard both to faith itself, and the Church of Christ, "the pillar and ground of the truth."

G.

Selections.

THE TRAVELER'S SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset shore,
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Dies away.

Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still:
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be Thou the lone one's aid—
Save Thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted past,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools now lone and dark,
Where the wakening night winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless, 'midst the waste
Be his light.

In his distant cradle nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest.

Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams.
Beautiful o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back through Thine all guiding power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By Thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh, save!

THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORIO-GRAPHER.

The following article, written by Mrs. Jessie E. Ringwalt, appeared under the above caption, in the "Printers' Circular" for July. It relates to a well-known citizen of this city, and will be read with interest by his many friends amongst our readers.—*Ed. of Ref. Ch. Mess.*

Most Pennsylvanian of Pennsylvanians is the author to whom our brave old State is indebted for the solid array of those solid facts, which verify her claim to the position happily described, in entitling her the Keystone of that strong arch, upon which rests the giant structure of American independence.

Born of that sturdy and intelligent race popularly known as the Pennsylvania Dutch, Mr. Rupp acquired the English language in his youth, to fit himself as the advocate of the people, that he so worthily represents; and under the promptings of fervent patriotism, he has devoted half a century of laborious research to the history of his native State.

A labor-saving nomenclature has given the convenient term of Pennsylvania Dutchmen to the descendants of a conglomeration of races, and as if to complete his representative fitness, Mr. Rupp traces his ancestry near to the gates of Heidelberg, where the pious forefather of a pious race proved his faith in Protestantism, amid the fires of martyrdom. With this stalwart stock was afterwards mingled the blood of Holland and of France, furnishing their several shares of industry and enthusiasm to the composite character.

The fertile lands of Pennsylvania were sought with unerring instinct by the earth-loving Germans, and among them the Rupps were well known in Cumberland county for their skill in husbandry. Of this family, I. Daniel Rupp was born in 1803, and was carefully instructed, both by precept and example, to conform his daily life to the simple code—"fear God and love work."

It is curious to note that, while the Yankee prejudices of Benjamin Franklin made him hostile to the German immigration into Pennsylvania, a child born half a century afterwards, of that very race, and in that very region, should date the first great mental epoch of his life to the perusal of Franklin's biography in German. The habits arising from natural bias and careful home training, found the further corroboration of mental conviction from the practical precepts of Poor Richard; and,

stimulated to more earnest endeavor, the lad cut and plied his daily task of wood with redoubled energy, in order to increase the hours of leisure, which were diligently applied to study.

Constant and intelligently directed employment in farm labor, with occasional attendance at a German school, furnished an excellent training throughout boyhood, under the careful guidance of an energetic mother, who customarily brought the work of every day beneath the criticism of a high moral principle, softened and modified by active benevolence and warm religious feeling. Occasional visits to a Hollandish grandmother familiarized him with the common usages of her native tongue, and when fifteen years old, he had also acquired a slight and inaccurate acquaintance with the English language, without having ever seen a German and English Dictionary.

A little Latin had been industriously added to his stock of languages as a pleasant refreshment for the future leisure hours, that he expected to enjoy as a prosperous farmer, when a severe illness, at the age of twenty years, occasioned a change in the plan of his life.

Conversation with an admired physician, together with the forced inaction of illness, awakened an increased passion for study; and with his father's hearty concurrence, Mr. Rupp commenced the study of medicine.

A systematic division of time was essential to his mental constitution, and his scheme is worthy of consideration as being the foundation upon which he has built the great labors of his later years.

He devoted to study four hours in the morning, two in the afternoon, and one in the evening. Besides a daily portion allotted to the prescribed medical course, every day had its special apportionment. Thus, Monday was given to geometry, history, algebra, and Hollandish. On Tuesday he studied English and Latin, with Hebrew and history. Wednesday was devoted to the practice of composition, French and history. To Thursday was allotted Latin, Greek, Chaldaic, and history. Friday to English and Latin composition, with Hebrew and the never-forgotten specialty of history. Saturday was taken for a general review of the medical studies, while his unflagging energy required on Sunday two chapters in the Greek and Latin Testaments, and a portion of the Old Testament in Hebrew and Hollandish.

A growing distaste for the practice of medicine, as well as ever-increasing love of study, soon determined him to become a teacher, this employment offering a means of support, as well as special opportunities for the accumulation of knowledge.

Formed by nature for the acquisition of that varied scholarship, which too often renders the student but a self-sufficing book-worm, Mr. Rupp was rescued from this danger by finding a noble and patriotic cause awaiting his advocacy.

When he reached manhood, the Germans of Pennsylvania were about one-third of the population of the State. Behind a wall of prejudice they stood firmly entrenched, living amidst a constantly increasing wealth produced by skill and industry, and contented with the acquirement of scholarship in their native tongue, in

neglect of that English speech belonging to their inimical neighbors.

Contemptuous of the quiet, unobtrusive virtues of these Germans, and ignorant of their special attainments, the other races stood aloof, while the grounds of difference appeared to be daily increasing.

To break down these barriers seemed a worthy work for the youthful enthusiast; but its accomplishment could only be reached by inciting his own brethren to the use of the English tongue, and by teaching their neighbors to respect the people whom they had so long neglected.

Conscious that his own vernacular could be made to serve only as one of his weapons of warfare, he labored steadily in perfecting his English style, and published volume after volume of translations of religious works, in which he seemed to be hospitably introducing the Hollandish and German to the English language, and enforcing them to extend the right hand of fellowship. An English newspaper in a German district also demanded his services as a potent auxiliary in the cause, while as a teacher he worked zealously wherever he deemed his presence most effective.

At the very commencement of his labors, he planned a history of the Pennsylvania Germans, which was to effectively advocate their interests by furnishing a just estimate of their value as citizens. But the data was ungathered, the labor immense, the obstacles innumerable, and years have been lavished in its preparation, while, meanwhile, from the accumulations of facts gathered by the way, have been furnished those numerous volumes of county histories and other segments which form the most reliable annals of our State.

Nearly fifty years ago, these works were begun in a characteristically practical fashion. The impecunious young teacher proposed, to an invalid friend, that they should expend some leisure in seeking health and history, with a lot of books to cover their expenses. A horse and wagon, with a load of volumes, was their outfit, and they slowly traversed the State, note-book in hand, while the occasional sale of a book supplied their needs. It was the year 1827, and the works most in request were the German Bible and Testament, the New Testament in English, Buck's Theological Dictionary, Rollin's History, and Josephus. Two little volumes, one a ready reckoner and the other a legal guide, found a ready sale; and a warm welcome was bestowed on a little quarter-dollar volume, published in both English and German. It was entitled the Heart of Man, and on its pages fearful wood-cuts betrayed snakes writhing and tigers tearing, amid a symbolic brotherhood of virtues and vices, in a manner equally terrifying and edifying.

In this itinerary, Mr. Rupp began his long historic quest, and those alone who have sought for "truth in its pure grace" can know the dragons by the way. Reserve, ignorance, prejudice, suspicion, with a formidable band of accomplices, fell into serried ranks at his approach. Distrustful ignorance wilfully withheld the sight of an important document, while cautious prudence denied the needed story of a land survey. But a kindly heart and an honest purpose were soon proved by the genial address, that won his way along many a rough road, and where he was at first met with chilling reticence, he

soon was welcomed as an honored guest. His familiar conversational display of genealogical knowledge elicited a kindly reciprocity, and the varied information and ready wit, best revealed in his native tongue, awakened the admiration of quiet country folk, who welcomed him warmly to the homesteads, where his repeated visits awakened the dormant recollections of many an aged man and woman, and taught them the historic importance of their own special experiences and memories.

During these travels throughout the State, he encountered many intelligent criticisms from the various sectaries upon Buck's Theological Dictionary. These objections to the statements of a standard work arrested his attention, and he conceived the plan of preparing a history of the various religious sects of the United States, to be written by eminent members of the several denominations. The labor of such a compilation was necessarily great, and was increased by his reserving the right of abridgment and correction, which alterations were finally referred to the approval of the authors. This work was published in 1844, and won immediate and deserving celebrity.

Another direct effect of the experiences of these travels among the people was the publication of a New Testament in German and English. This volume was sold at the same price as the old familiar German Testament, and he, by personal exertion, introduced it throughout the country districts, relying upon it as a potent influence in conquering the antagonism existing between the languages.

Another labor of love, serving directly toward the accomplishment of his life-long vindication of the Germans, was the valued volume containing "A Collection of 30,000 Names of Immigrants in Pennsylvania, Chronologically Arranged from 1727 to 1776."

Popularly recognized as a zealous laborer for the diffusion of education, Mr. Rupp was appointed, in 1835, by the Mutual Improvement Society, of Mechanicsburg, to act as delegate to an Education Convention held in West Chester, to organize the Lyceum system in Pennsylvania. Here his activity and extensive information caused great surprise among those, who had been accustomed to regard the Pennsylvania Dutch as the opponents of popular education, and he was appointed to assist Mr. Holbrook, the founder of the American Lyceum system, in introducing these literary associations into Pennsylvania.

Many months were freely devoted to this special service, with most beneficial results, in many regions where an educational stimulant was much needed; and the advantageous effects were long felt in quiet country districts, where the modest Lyceum, with its little library, caused a most healthful blending of social intercourse with intellectual improvement.

The reading public is indebted for many volumes of historical research to Mr. Rupp's indefatigable industry; and his long contemplated history of the Germans of Pennsylvania will soon be published.

The result of half a century of investigation will be garnered into its pages, and the story of its composition can best be learned in the quiet homesteads, where admiring friends tell of his tenacious search for facts, and tireless quest after proofs

—of the stories of his stores of information—of his journeying, teaching, lecturing, laboring by day, and his writing by night, as if weariness were impossible; while his cordial kindness claims and receives the right hand of fellowship from all true Pennsylvanians.

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT DREAMS.

Is it not a curious fact, for example, that dreams are all the creations of our own minds—that we ourselves originate the forms and faces that look on us, and perhaps terrify us—that we think the thoughts that others seem to speak with their lips—that we, and not others, are the authors of the comedy that is acted before us, or of the terrible tragedy in which we ourselves are the sufferers?

There is another curious thing about dreams, and that is, the short period of time in which they occur. This has been often measured by noting, for example, the hour or minute when one has fallen asleep, dreamed a long dream, and awoke. Many instances of this kind have been given. I shall add to these one of my own experience. Very late one night when wearied in body and mind, I was dictating to a friend what required to be sent to press early next morning. I spoke a sentence and suddenly fell asleep. I dreamed a very long and complicated dream, and then I awoke, feeling quite refreshed, but for a moment utterly confused as to where I was, or what I had been doing. Recovering myself, I began to apologize to my friend for having so long detained him at that hour of night, expressing the hope that he had been able to employ himself profitably in preparing his college exercises, when at last, turning round, for he had been writing with his back towards me—he asked me, with an expression of wonder and almost alarm, if I felt unwell, or what did I mean? I wondered much more, when I heard that he had never lifted his pen, nor had ceased writing, and that I was roused by his repeating the last word of the sentence; so that I could not have slept above three or four seconds! And thus a long dream, which seems to occupy a night, has often been found to have occupied, perhaps, only a few seconds before waking. This may account for a fact often noticed by men recovering from drowning, that just before becoming unconscious, their whole life seemed suddenly to pass before them, like a panorama, and time was nothing in the rapidity of thought.

There is one experience which we have acquired, I believe, from our dreams as from no other source, and that is our awful suffering through fear. Who was ever smitten when awake with such abject terror, from dangers dim, impalpable, mysterious, overwhelming, as in a nightmare? We seem to encounter death in its worst forms, to combat terrible foes, to endure agonies of torment, to be persecuted by every demoniacal power, wild beasts of the desert, the hideous forms of serpent life and of ocean life, while we are all the time utterly powerless and deserted. Even the dearest friends turn away, and we are alone amidst all that can fill the soul with such fear that the hero of a hundred fights starts up with a cry of terror, and the greatest emperor screams like a child! What a won-

derful description is that of such a dream given by Eliphaz the Temanite in the Book of Job!

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before my eyes; there was silence!

It is very likely that you will sagely remark that all those terrible dreams of ours have been caused by some trifle, some indiscretion in eating, or by some acid, or indigestion. No doubt this is generally the case. Some of you may have seen an excellent caricature of George Cruikshanks', representing a man asleep on his back, with an expression of agony on his face, while a black pig sits on his chest, and looking at him asks, "Why did you eat pork for supper?" A most pertinent question, which might be varied by asking sufferers from nightmare, Why did you eat "cheese" or "pie-crust," or this or that dainty which causes you now to suffer? Surely it is worth learning, as taught so vividly by such night agonies, what an effect the body has on the mind, how what we call a trifle affecting the nicely-adjusted and finely-tempered organization of the one will affect the other, and a small morsel, perhaps, of toasted cheese make the immortal spirit of the greatest statesman as well as of the greatest boy, experience a horror of great darkness? So, look sharp after the body by obedience to God's will regarding you and you will save much suffering in the soul.

Another curious fact about dreams is, that we very seldom, if ever, dream about what chiefly occupies our minds during the day. This side of the brain, so to speak, is wearied, and sleeps soundly; while that portion which was idle during the day remains awake and works at night. Accordingly, if we want to know what has given rise to our dreams, we must search among the most trivial of our day thoughts; but, alas! the trivial are so numerous that we seldom have patience to search long enough to discover the tiny cup which, at night our fancy magnifies into an ocean tossed by a storm. Hence dreams from different sources may assume nearly the same forms. For example: When my boy was sick with scarlatina, I had a shocking attack of nightmare in which I was attempting in vain to drag him from a house on fire, and from which I awoke with a sense of horror at seeing him perish in the flames while appealing to me for help. I went up to his room, and was told by his sick nurse that he was in a refreshing sleep, but that he had sprung up in the night with a scream, saying that his room was on fire. I was determined, if possible, to trace out the origin of so strange a coincidence, and search among the trifles of the past day. Recalling my thoughts, I remembered that at a crowded meeting the previous evening I had conjectured what would be done in the illy-constructed building if it took fire, and how I could possibly rescue my own family who were seated in the inmost part of it. So much for my own part. But what of my boy's share? On making minute inquiries, I ascertained that the physician who

attended him had casually remarked in his hearing the day before, "Although this room is very comfortable, I have a dislike to all garret rooms reached by wooden stairs, on account of fire." This remark he had heard and noticed. Thus our dreams, so much alike, occurring the same night, originated in different yet similar trifling incidents of the previous day!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE PARNASSUS OF TO-DAY.

Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, writing home from Greece to his paper, the *Utica Observer*, gives this account of the ancient abode of the muses:

Parnassus is the highest mountain in this part of Greece. It was practically inaccessible and its summits unknown. It was so remote that imagination might revel about it. It was the haunt of nature unsullied and unsubdued. It was high, often above the cloud; pure, always covered by a mantle of snow; picturesque, for it mounts from height to height, and rises from different points of view. The dawn tinges it with its most beauteous hues, and the sun at its setting loves to linger about it. Apollo had its chosen temple on its slope, and the mysteries of the oracle gathered the devout of the world to the valley at its base, so the poetry of every language derives its inspiration from Parnassus, and genius, untraveled, yet drinks from the Castalian waters.

An Englishman whom we met, hunting for birds and their eggs, assured us, that on the slopes of Parnassus, eagles and vultures are found in numbers wonderful. One of our soldiers made the echoes ring with his musket, and brought to us a hare still struggling in death wounds. The plateaus are sometimes rich in wild flowers. Wild roses and the ox-eyed daisy abound. The delicate wild morning-glory peers modestly from the ground. The gorgeous poppy is liberal with its decorations of crimson. The blue lupins are conspicuous; the tiny forget-me-nots, the nemophitæ, the blue-bells, and butter-cups larger than ours, are common, and the pinkish-purple chamomile creeps along the ground everywhere. The grass, where it exists, is thin and poor. The trees have all been cut on the lower slopes. On the high lands they grow to a fair size, and constitute dense forests, chiefly of a scrubby pine and fir. While the flowers suggest the flora of California, and the chaparral is often identical with that of the Sierra Nevada, the trees here are dwarf in dimension and poor in numbers in comparison with the magnificent forests of the Pacific slope.

From the plain where we had lunched, after a brief rest, we ascend to a ridge curving on the south and east, and we leave on our left, in a cranny of the hills, a collection of butts in which the peasants gather in summer to cultivate the highlands and to feed their flocks. As we ascend the ridge, the upper valley of the Pleistocene is at our feet, fertile and well cultivated with grain and grape. It suggests closely the valley of the Little Yosemite in California. Our horses wind their way in the rocky slopes, often precipitous and difficult, with the most picturesque of villages, Arachova, all the while in view.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

[From the German, by Lewis Henry Steiner.]

CHAPTER X.

"You shall know my reason, although, in naming it, I fear, I shall commit a real act of discourtesy towards your aunt and Herr M——. He wishes to use your portrait in a large picture, in which you shall stand as Clara along-side of an Egmont. Would that suit your wishes?"

"I would never consent to it."

"But a refusal at a later period would be more difficult than now."

"You are right. I thank you. May I refer to you on the subject?"

"Certainly, although I shall be compelled to hear many reproaches from your aunt and Adalbert."

I went almost immediately to my aunt and begged her to write my refusal to Adalbert. Naturally she did not oppose my resolution, but she was plainly out of humor, and from this time forward, I had frequent opportunity to remark, that, watching the Count and myself closely, she sought to keep us as far as possible from one another.

CHAPTER XI.

A season of noisy, restless excitement now came on. Many guests arrived and departed. I spoke but little to the Count, and mostly only in company. He was also often absent. He spent half, and whole days in excursions in the neighborhood. When he returned his humor varied—sometimes extravagantly gay, sometimes again retiring, serious, and gloomy. It seemed often as if he did not notice me at all, having a word for every one but me; then again, at other times, I felt that I was incessantly followed around by his observing eye, even when it seemed turned in another direction. I could not understand this changeable manner and suffered in consequence; it made me often timid and embarrassed. I could not always find the proper humor for him.

In addition, I had no satisfactory news from home. My father had latterly been a sufferer, and the physician had prescribed a vigorous use of the baths. My parents intended to go to Marienbad, in Bohemia. Elizabeth, whose betrothed was urgent for their speedy marriage, since the death of her father, had determined not to accompany my parents to Marienbad, but, after all their preparations were completed, to go to her brother in Heidelberg to celebrate her marriage quietly in their family circle, and to hasten immediately thereafter with her husband to their new home. Upon their way from Heidelberg to Coblenz—where pastor B. had proposed to remain since the death of his father-in-law—Elizabeth hoped to be able to make me a visit with her husband, and she was rejoicing in the hope of introducing the latter to me.

My plans were very much unsettled at the reception of this news. The increasing ill-health of my father troubled me; and such an irresistible longing to see my family often seized me, that I should have prepared to separate myself from the gay, fickle world around me, in order to hasten to them and to seek rest, protection—from it and myself. But what was it that held me bound here with irresistible power? Was it my relatives? They were in tastes very unlike me. Was it the throng of intellectual company,

that visited the house? It exercised but little influence upon me. Was it the wonderful beauty of the neighborhood? I had learned to love it from my very heart, but it did not detain me. Was it the unsolved life-questions of my own heart, that could only receive solution here? Certainly these were somewhat at fault; for, however rarely my heart would give ear to those questions, indeed rarely even *believing* in them, nevertheless, they forced themselves again and again upon it with an irresistible power, which with all its energy it could bring no superior force to overcome. Oh, why was there among the many different persons here only *one* soul, which sympathized with me, which—I dared no longer doubt, despite its manifold contradictions, all its approaches and withdrawals, all its affected reserve and superabundant absence of reserve,—certified to me, that I alone perfectly understood it? Why was it, with every withdrawal on my part, the sunshine seemed to be taken from my soul and the dark clouds enveloped it? Why did it, however, proscribe me so sternly in its own spiritual presence? And then again, why could it return to me, when released, apparently so involuntarily? Why—oh these unending questions; the unending contradictions; the constantly recurring dreams, full of joy and sadness, from which I could never permanently awake, and yet I longed to do so! God alone could arouse me! I lay at His feet, praying: "Grant that day may speedily come!"

The thought, that my parents proposed to go to Marienbad without Elizabeth's company, was so unsatisfactory, that it determined me to ask them to consent to the weak compensation of my company—notwithstanding the unsettled state of my own plans. Their answer would then put an end to my doubts as to whether I should go or stay. It was as loving as usual, but was a refusal. My parents desired, that my pleasant residence should not be exchanged for the discomforts of a bathing place; moreover, pecuniary considerations as regards the expenses of living at the baths strengthened their opinion, and there may have been others also, which only became known to me at a later date. I did not then suspect the serious character of my father's indisposition, and my mother wished to spare me—either altogether or as long as possible—from any solicitude, that might be excited by being in company with the dear sufferer.

In my parents' decision I recognized fresh instructions from above for perseverance in patience. It was often directed to difficult tasks and would escape me, but I always found it again under the cross.

Among the exciting incidents of this period, Elizabeth's visit gave me special pleasure. She looked so lovely, so happy by the side of her newly-married husband; and he looked with such manly love, such kind protection down upon her! I seized their hands and said: "May God bless you and your married life for all time! One need not wish you happiness! That you have!" When Gottwalt took a walk with the Count, so as to leave us together, I was compelled to tell Elizabeth much of my outer life. I dared not touch upon the inner, to speak of my surroundings, the different people I met; suddenly she embraced me and said with the old, familiar tone of earnest, anxious love: "Martha, am I mistaken? But you have undergone some great inner change?"

I exclaimed almost convulsively: "Changed, in what respect?"

"There is something so restless in your manner, that I can no longer speak to you as when I last saw you, can no more feel, that I know you; something that pains—you and another."

I embraced her in my arms and hid my weeping face upon her breast: "Elizabeth, do not question, but pray for me. It is dark; but it always becomes light again, and it is my firm hope, that the time will come when it will be altogether light."

Tears were in Elizabeth's eyes: "Oh dear, dear Martha, you have so much to struggle against!"

"God gives victories also. I am not afraid. I can no longer be overpoweringly afraid, since I was plucked out of the abyss of the night of despair, when heaven and hell contended for me and I knew not to which I belonged. Now I know one thing,—that is, where my home is. Shall I ever wander away from it?"

"Never, never, my Martha, if God's grace protects you, and it is nigh unto you every minute for that purpose."

"For that very reason I trust in it. When, among other thoughts, I suspect that it is far off, and earth with its dark clouds conceals heaven; then I think, it was also *night* when the Saviour was born, when the glorious Light of eternity and the angelic song from above proclaimed to human hearts a new world of salvation, peace, and joy. I then comfort myself in this world; and often feel its life-powers active in my heart, amid the most anxious doubts and deepest grief."

A holy joy shone from Elizabeth's eyes: "I will not pity you. May the Lord yet bless you in *all* things beyond your prayers and conceptions!"

"No, Elizabeth, do not pity me, but pray for me. I need the assistance of prayers. I despair not, although I am often perplexed. I am a firm believer in the victory, but I am now in the midst of the contest, and I might often drop my weapons in the restless confusion of the same. If He did not uphold me in my deplorable weakness, I should despair. Therefore beg Him to uphold me at all times."

"He will do it. Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art *Mine*."

We were interrupted. The Count and Gottwalt had returned. They appeared to be engaged in earnest and searching discussion, and to be mutually pleased. Uncle and aunt also joined us soon; and the conversation was lively and general during the little while the young couple were with us. On leaving, Elizabeth embraced me with much affection, "Whatever it may be," she whispered to me, "and however it may be; never lose the hand of the Lord."

"It shall not be thrown aside," I replied. "May God be with you and me!"

A few days after this visit, the Count came to me, when I was alone, holding two books in his hand. It was my copy of St. Augustine and—apparently—another copy bound exactly like it.

God cultivates many flowers, seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance. For when, bathed in soft sunshine, they have burst into blossom, then the Divine hand gathers them from the earthly fields to be kept in crystal vases in the deathless mansions above. Thus little children die—some in the sweet bud, some in the fuller blossom; but never too early to make heaven fairer and sweeter with their immortal bloom.—
Dr. Charles Wadsworth.

Sunday-School Department.

The matter for this Department, is furnished by a Special Correspondent.

Rev. J. M. Gregory continues to instruct teachers in the art of teaching through the medium of the National Sunday-school Teacher. Upon the law, that "the medium must be language understood by both teacher and pupil in the same sense," he gives the following rules:

1. Use the fewest, simplest, and plainest words the ideas can be expressed with.
2. Repeat the thought, if not evidently understood, in other language.
3. Use words in the plainest and commonest meaning, and use the same words as far as practicable, always with the same or kindred meaning.
4. Use short sentences, and of the simplest construction.
5. Note carefully the words used by the pupils.
6. When it is necessary to teach a new word, always, as far as practicable, send the idea before the word. That is the order of nature.
7. Labor to increase steadily the pupils' knowledge, both in the number of words and in the extent and clearness of understood meanings.
8. Secure the largest and best possible use of language by the pupil.
9. Young pupils may be asked to repeat words after the teacher, to form the habit of speech, and all pupils should talk on the review.

This is the way *The Christian at Work* meets the complaint, that the children of to day are coming into the church fold through the agency of the Sunday-school, rather than that of the sermon service:

"The Sunday-school may have its faults; and one objection to it seems to be, that it is really interesting to the children and compelling their attention. If it is getting ahead of the church in the affections of the children, what is best—to crowd it down, to call it hard names, to quench the ardor of its teachers by throwing cold water on them; or is it not best for the church to wake up and be at least as interesting as the Sunday-school is?"

"The church that drives off its Sunday-school children will next fail to attract their fathers and mothers. There is a wonderful difference in churches. Some seem as if no children had been born in the neighborhood for twenty years. Others are alive with cheerful and interested young people. Who will be ahead in the race?"

The Newport Sunday-school has a model school-room. Heretofore we were limited in our accommodations to the lecture-room, which by the way was suitable enough for that purpose, but unsuitable for Sunday-school purposes. The school-room now covers the same space occupied by the audience room of the church. Heretofore it occupied only one half this space. Now we have three rooms separated from each other by sliding glass partitions. These rooms are for the Adult, the Intermediate and Primary grades of scholars. During the opening and closing exercises, the whole school participate together, though each in their respective rooms. During the hour for instruction they

are separated. The Adult and Intermediate Departments are provided with chairs, which are arranged in a circular form around the superintendent's desk. The chairs are a decided improvement upon the benches. The whole school is under the eye of the superintendent throughout the session.

The school is also supplied with helps. We have a fine organ, long-roll, blackboard, maps, pictures, mottoes and flowers. So far as our school-room is concerned, we think it is a model one. At any rate, we are all delighted with the improvement, and are encouraged to make our school a model one. It is in a flourishing condition and its prospects are the brightest.

The school took possession of the new Sunday-school-room yesterday morning with appropriate services. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, by the superintendent, Mr. E. B. Leiby, and by Dr. J. E. Singer, teacher of the Adult Department. This improvement has been made at the expense of the school, and cost five hundred and twenty dollars. Go thou and do likewise.

A writer in the New York Observer, pleading for the neglected lambs of the flock, gives the following rendering of the command of the Saviour to feed His sheep and lambs: According to the common rendering the Saviour twice bade the Apostle feed the sheep, and once the lambs. But another reading of the original is, first, "Feed my lambs." Second, "Tend my sheep." Thirdly, "Feed my little sheep." What do we learn from this? *That to every sermon addressed to the adults two are to be to the children!*

No one should be satisfied who is not daily adding to his stores of knowledge, and at the same time increasing his facility in using what he has.

Those who have visited battle-fields in the edges of woods, tell us that the trees are all marked by the balls in their upper branches, while scarcely a shot has touched them below. In this we find an illustration of much of the work which is done in the church and especially by the teachers in the Sunday-school. Aim low.

Ralph Wells gives the following good advice to teachers: Do not allow three or four children to do all the talking, questioning and answering. If there is a precocious child in the class, see that he answers only his share. If there is a dull child, be sure to get something from him, and enlarge upon it a little for his encouragement.

It is said that Chief Justice Williams, of Hartford, Conn., was so punctual in his attendance on the Sunday-school as a teacher, that when he opened the door the superintendent knew it lacked just three minutes of the time to open.

The Presbyterian at Work corrects the *Interior* in its notion, that the Shorter Catechism is being set aside, by saying, that within thirty days the Presbyterian Board of Publication has printed sixty thousand copies of it.

In the State Convention at Tiffin, Ohio, Miss Oliver of Oberlin, said

that her plan of management was "for the superintendents to manage the teachers, the teachers the children, and the children the parents. All well regulated children manage their parents."

Mr. Hartley, of London, says of miscellaneous Sunday-school addresses at the close of a school session: "A more ingenious scheme than that of these addresses for undoing all that was previously done, I cannot conceive."

Miscellaneous.

LEPROSY.

This disease has always been peculiar to warm climates, and in such, especially in Egypt, and other regions of the East, it is still found, agreeing in all its general symptoms, with the description of its general character as left in the Bible by Moses.

The disease seems to commence deep in the system of the body, and generally acquires a thorough settlement in the person of its victim before it discovers itself on the outward skin. It may lie thus concealed even for a number of years, especially when it is seated in the constitution by birth, as it often is, when it does not commonly unfold its outward symptoms until the child is grown up to maturity. After its appearance, too, it does not proceed with any rapid ruin. Not until a number of years does it reach its full perfection of disorder: and not until a number more have passed away does this disorder terminate in death. A leprous person may live twenty or thirty, or if he receives the disease with his birth, forty or even fifty years, but years of such dreadful torture must they be, that early death would seem to be relief.

The horrible malady advances with slow but certain steps, from one stage of evil to another, diffusing its poison through the whole frame, while the principle of life is still suffered to linger in the midst of the desolation, and one after another the pillars of strength are secretly undermined and carried away, till the spirit finds, ere yet she can escape from its imprisonment, the house of her earthly tabernacle literally crumbling on every side into dissolution and dust. The bones and marrow are pervaded with the disease, so that the joints of the hands and feet gradually lose their powers, and the limbs of the body fall together in such a manner as to give a most deformed and dreadful appearance to the whole person. There is a form of the disorder in some places in which the joints, beginning with the farthest of the fingers and toes, one after another separate and fall off, and the miserable sufferer slowly falls in pieces to the grave. Outwardly, the leprosy discovers itself in a number of small spots, which generally appear first on the face, about the nose and eyes, but after some time on other parts of the body, till it is all covered over. At first, these spots have the appearance of small reddish pimples, but they gradually spread in size, till after some years they become as large as a pea or bean on the surface which they cover. When scratched, as their itchy character constantly solicits, a

thin moisture oozes out of them, which soon dries and hardens into a scaly crust, so that, when the disease reaches its perfect state, the whole body becomes covered with a foul, whitish scurf.

Particular directions were given in the law of Moses to distinguish the spot of the real leprosy from others, that might resemble it in appearance. These are contained in the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus. There are various kinds of leprosy, some more malignant and loathsome than others. According to the appearance of its spots it is called by different names. There is a *white*, a *black*, and a *red* leprosy. This shocking disease is contagious, so that it is dangerous to have much intercourse with leprous persons. On this account it is wisely ordered among the Jews, that such should dwell alone "all the days wherein the plague shall be in them," and should be held *unclean*, so that no one might touch them without defilement. Hence, too, it was so strictly enjoined, that the earliest appearance of anything like the spot of leprosy should be immediately and thoroughly examined.

The leper, in whom the plague was ascertained really to exist, was required to distinguish himself by having his clothes rent, his head bare, and his lip covered (all of which were common marks of deep sorrow,) and to warn others coming near him by crying out, *Unclean, unclean!* Lev. xiii. 45, 46.

The leprosy is still more fearful, as it may be handed down from one generation to another by birth. The leprosy of a father descends to his son, and even to his grand-children, of the third and fourth generation, assuming, indeed, a milder form as it passes down, but showing some of its disagreeable effects in each successive case. The leprosy was regarded among the Jews as a disease sent in a peculiar manner from the hand of God, and designed to mark His displeasure against some great sin found in the person who suffered its infliction. Nor was this idea without some support in the dispensations of judgment which their history recorded, and in the especial solemnity with which that disease is noticed in the Levitical law.—*Compiled from Biblical Antiquities.*

READING.

Let us take time for reading. It will never come if we wait to have every speck of dirt removed from each article we use. We can always find something else to do, and conscientious housekeepers, with little taste for mental pursuits, are apt to make great blunders. "The life is more than meat, and body more than raiment," which means—if I may be allowed to preach a wee bit of a sermon—that you yourself, with all your immortal faculties, are of more, vastly more importance than your house and furniture, and clothing and cookery, and these are utterly worthless if they serve as hindrances instead of helps to your individual culture. No kind of labor is degrading, if done from a worthy motive, and no motive can be nobler than the womanly desire to make a pleasant home. With this end in view—with love as prompter—washing, and darning, and scrubbing, are all elevated from drudgery to a noble place. But our home cannot be properly at-

tractive and profitable to our families if we ourselves are dull and harassed. Our brothers and fathers and husbands and sons need cheerful and intelligent companions at home, far more than they need nice dinners and spotless linen. It is necessary, that good housekeepers should also read and reflect, and listen and converse.

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

In 1855, a young man registered his name in the largest hotel in the city of Louisville, Ky. He had a pretty good wardrobe, such as young men usually have, including a gold watch and chain. He was in search of occupation. At the expiration of two weeks, he took an inventory of his personal effects. "Out of work and no business." He had a brief interview with the proprietor of the hotel. His trunk was left as security for his board; he hypothecated his watch for the loan of \$10, and having kissed the tip end of his coral fingers to a kind and sympathetic landlord, he "went diving for the bottom." He found "bottom" on Winter Street, where a steamer was being discharged of cotton by Dutchmen, negroes, and yankees. Having purchased a heavy pair of boots, a blue shirt and overalls, he commenced rolling and piling cotton at the rate of five cents per bale. In three weeks he was promoted to the position of "marker," with a salary of \$45 per month, and at the expiration of nine months, he had a right to grow mellow over a salary of \$125 per month. To-day, this gentleman is one of the largest operators in Bay Street.

HUMORS OF GERMAN LAW.

A curious work on "The humorous element in German law," has just been published in Berlin. The author describes the punishments which are inflicted in the various parts of Germany, in some cases up to a very recent period, with the object of humiliating the culprit and exposing him to ridicule.

A common punishment was that of going in procession through the streets of a town or village, in a dress covered with the images of swords, whips, rods, and other instruments of corporal chastisement. In Hesse, women who had beaten their husbands, were made to ride on a donkey, holding his tail, on which occasions the animal was led through the streets by the husband.

The custom existed in Darmstadt to the middle of the seventeenth century, and was so common that a donkey was kept always ready for the purpose in the capital and the neighboring villages. If the woman struck the husband in such a manner that he could not ward off the blow, the donkey was led by the man who had charge of him; if not, then by the husband himself.

At St. Goar a miller was allowed a certain quantity of wood from the forest belonging to the town, in return for which he was bound to supply a donkey to the municipality whenever required for the chastisement of a scolding wife.

Another very old custom was that of punishing a henpecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground, that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does

not deserve any protection against wind or weather."

If two women fought in public, they were each put in a sort of closed sentry-box, which only left their heads exposed, and then posted opposite each other in the market place, where they remain for an hour face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet.

A curious punishment for scolding women was the "shameful stone," which was hung around their necks. This stone was usually in the shape of a bottle. At Hamburg libelers and slanderers were compelled to stand on a block and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a sign of repentance. This custom still existed thirty or forty years ago. In some towns the "Shameful stone" was in the shape of a loaf, hence the German saying, "A heavy bit of bread."

At Lubec it was in the shape of an oval dish, and in other places that of a woman putting out her tongue. Such stones are usually very heavy. According to the law of Dortmund and Halberstadt (1834) they were to weigh a hundred weight. Those who were wealthy could purchase exemption from the punishment with a bag full of hops tied with red ribbons.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

I saw somewhere, the other day, a sentence like this: "The truest courtesy is the truest Christianity." This is not simply saying, I take it, that a Christian will be a gentleman; it teaches, that the spirit of self-denial, of foregoing personal advantages for the sake of favoring another, is the root and substance of the regenerated life. Now, here is a practical test, brought near to us in all the scenes of our intercourse with our fellows, showing what manner of spirit we are of. If we are truly, that is, sincerely, courteous and polite, we are serving Christ, showing His example and exhibiting His spirit. If, in the collisions of personal interests, we meet through the day, we are more careful to favor ourselves, to secure the best, to be served, first, to gratify our own wishes and tastes, than to gratify and serve others, I care not what names we bear, or what professions we make, or what religious exercises we engage in, the spirit of the Master is not in us.—*Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D.*

"NO NIGHT."

A day without a night would seem very strange to us. Yet it is well known, that, in extreme northern countries, during a portion of the year the sun never sets. A writer in the "Bible Class Magazine," tells its readers how strange this seemed to him, as he saw it in Northern Sweden:

"We arrived at Orebro on the 23d of June, two days after the longest day, and on Midsummer Eve. The greatest peculiarity, and the one that was most difficult to understand, was the 'no night.' I was constantly reminded of, and found myself night after night, repeating the description given by John, in Patmos, of heaven, —'And there shall be no night there.' And this 'no night' became even more apparent the further we traveled north. Hour after hour passed by,

and no shades of evening came over us, day after day.

"It is true the sun just dipped below the horizon at ten, eleven, or twelve o'clock at night, according to where we were, but only to rise again in two or three hours' time. At midnight it was broad daylight, only mellowed down through the sun having disappeared for a short season. I would look at my watch to see if I had mistaken the hour; but no, it was quite right, and it was difficult to know when it was time to retire. Indeed, it seemed absurd to go to bed in broad daylight, but this I did night after night.

"It is impossible to describe the peculiar sensation, that is caused by this constant daylight.

"It is the only one source of astonishment every night. It banishes sleep; and at eleven o'clock at night, at midnight, at one o'clock in the morning, one wanders out into the garden or into the street, looking in vain even for twilight, as a slight indication, that it is time for rest.

"This constant daylight in a country like Sweden, where the season is so short, is very useful; because the sun setting for so short a time never allows the air to grow cold, and the constant daylight, enables vegetation to grow through the whole twenty-four hours; and thus the crops will spring up and ripen in a few weeks. Merchants in their offices, steamers on the river, laborers in the fields, even children I saw at work up to twelve o'clock at night. This certainly must require a constitution peculiarly adapted for such a state of things. Dr. MacMillan thus writes of it:—'The long daylight is very favorable to the growth of vegetation, plants growing in the night as well as in the day in the short but ardent summer. But it is peculiarly trying to persons not accustomed to it. It prevents proper repose and banishes sleep. I never felt before how needful darkness is for the welfare of our bodies and minds. I longed for night, but the farther north we went, the farther we were fleeing from it, until at last, when we reached the most northern point of our tour, the sun set for one hour and a half. Consequently the heat of the day never cooled down, and accumulated until it became almost unendurable at last. Truly for the most wise and beneficent purpose did God make light and create darkness.'"

DO LIKEWISE.

When the First Presbyterian church stood in Wall street, N. Y., Robert Lennox, then an eminent merchant, was a member. He took a great interest in young men, especially those who were strangers. He invariably on Sundays took the position of usher, welcomed all comers, and escorted them to comfortable seats. Standing in the vestibule one day, he saw a young man coming up the steps, evidently a stranger, and with the air of one who felt himself an intruder. The frank and hearty merchant met the young man on the threshold, gave him his hand, and told him he was glad to see him that morning in the house of the Lord. "You are a stranger I presume?" he said. "Yes, this is my first Sabbath in New York, and my mother charged me to reverence the house of the Lord." Just in from his country home, the young man was not over-

dressed. Mr. Lennox escorted him up the centre aisle, and seated him in his own pew. The next morning the young man went to a business house to see if he could get a small bill of goods. He gave his references. "Did I not see you in Mr. Lennox's pew, yesterday?" said the merchant. "I don't know, sir. A gentleman gave me a seat in church, and sat down beside me." "Well, young man, that gentleman was Robert Lennox, and I will trust any young man whom Mr. Lennox seats in his pew." That young man became an eminent merchant. To the day of his death he said, "I owe all I am in this world to that Sunday when Mr. Lennox invited me to sit in his pew." It would be well if our Christian merchants could put the mantle of Lennox on their shoulders, especially those who attend rich but sparsely-filled congregations.

Children's Department.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

Once upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact,—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman; for he was a kitchen boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What! is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But, have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than enough to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter, I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the room among the chimney-pots, where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful; for when Thomas went down into

the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted on very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils, and brushes and colors. Haven't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women, and birds, and trees, and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money, that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots; for now Peter could have pencils, and paper, and india-rubber, and a few other things, that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on this way for about two years. None of the servants knew, that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places, that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

"Why, how is this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. "Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then into the

prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees, "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.—*Charlotte Adams, in St. Nicholas for August.*

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 19, 1874.

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The source of the contributions in each case is indicated by one or more initial letters.

For terms see Sixteenth Page.

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Unaccepted manuscripts will not be returned.

To Subscribers.—When monies are remitted, and the date following the name on the direction label is not changed within three weeks thereafter, please notify the publishers. Those in arrears will please examine the date and remit the amount due.

A PROFESSOR ELECTED.

The last "Christian World" announces, that the Rev. A. S. Zerbe, the associate editor of that paper, has been elected by the Trustees of Ursinus College, at Freeland, Pa., to the chair of Mathematics in that institution. It is not yet known whether he will accept the position offered him. He has had some experience in teaching, and those acquainted with him, accord to him a special fitness for filling the chair to which he has been invited.

SAILED FOR OREGON.

On Saturday morning, the Rev. John Gantenbein, with his family, left this city for New York, where they purposed embarking at noon for the Pacific coast, on one of the steamers of the regular line, plying between New York and San Francisco. He goes out under the auspices of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Church, to labor as a missionary on the Pacific coast. His present destination is "Portland, Oregon," at which place, his friends and correspondents will please address him.

We trust he and his family will have a safe and prosperous voyage, and that he may be specially instrumental in the hands of God, in building up the waste places of the Reformed Church, in that far off region. To this end, may he not only share in the prayers and sympathies of his brethren in the ministry and of the membership of the Church in general, but also receive their active and hearty co-operation!

DEATH OF BISHOP WHITEHOUSE.

The death of Bishop Henry John Whitehouse, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Illinois, is announced. It took place at his residence in Chicago, on the 10th inst., in the seventy-first year of his age. He was a native of New York, and a graduate of Columbia College and of the Episcopal General Theological Seminary.

"In 1829," says the "New York Evangelist," "he became rector of St. Luke's church, Rochester, and after fifteen useful years there, was called to New York by St. Thomas' church, where he remained until consecrated to the office of Bishop of Illinois, November

20th, 1851. Bishop Chase dying in the following year, he has ever since discharged the onerous office with zeal, if not with perfect discretion. Acting with the Low Church party while a rector, his views seem to have undergone a change after he attained to the dignity of Bishop and to considerable recognition from abroad, so that he had come to be regarded as the most pronounced of the opposite party among all the Bishops of his Church.

The deceased ranked high for eloquence and learning among the forty odd respectable—but not gifted or brilliant—men, who compose the Episcopal Bench. He was jealous of his prerogatives, and his contest with the Rev. (now Bishop) Edward Cheney, gave him a wide notoriety. His sudden death by the first prostrating sickness in twenty years, may have an important influence on the action of the approaching General Convention. At any rate an honored and influential member of the House of Bishops is suddenly and solemnly laid low.

STIRRERS UP OF STRIFE IN THE CHURCH.

The venerable Rev. Charles G. Finney is represented as having said: "There are men and women too, who would be horror-stricken if a ball were to be gotten up in the neighborhood, who would not hesitate to originate and perpetuate church bickerings and quarrels. They would consider it a mortal sin to dance; and yet are the stirrers up of strife, jealousies, animosities, and hard feelings, as far as their influence extends. They will not dance; but they will do far worse. Dancing is bad enough; but bitter words and a bitter spirit are much worse."

These words carry in them much force. How often do we meet with ministers and laymen, who make high pretensions, not only in regard to fancied orthodoxy, but also in regard to spiritual-mindedness, whose ruling passion is to stir up and foster strife in the Church. They seem to be in their element only when engaged in such ungracious work, and imagine all the while, that they are thus most effectually serving God.

Such characters are not only deceived but deceivers, and as such are dangerous to the community as well as to the Church. No spirit can be more unlike Christ, than theirs. They are rather controlled by the promptings of the evil one. They should, therefore, be indignantly frowned upon and shunned by all right-thinking persons. Were this to be more generally done, their Satanic occupation would the sooner be exposed in its true character, and come to an end.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

The "Presbyterian Weekly," since its removal to Baltimore, has been engaged in publishing in its columns from week to week, historical sketches of the Presbyterian churches in that city and vicinity. In this way has it not only furnished its readers with matters which must possess special interest for them, but also put on permanent record, interesting historical facts and reminiscences, which would other-

wise have gone into oblivion. It is so much satisfied with the propriety, as well as excellent character, of this kind of material, that it is making earnest efforts to secure more of it.

In a recent article on the subject, it states, that the peninsula of Maryland and Delaware has the honor of being the place, where the Presbyterian Church was first planted in this country, and then adds, there are "churches in that locality, there are histories, and there are families there so identified with these histories, of whom our people at a distance desire to know more than they now know. We hope our brethren in that quarter, whether of the ministry or of the people, who have access to church or other records, or access to the older generation of the living, will furnish such sketches or memoranda of churches, etc., as will facilitate us in the work of presenting to the whole Church anew the history of her life in that region."

This is an earnest, as well as correct, view of the case. It is to be hoped, that information solicited will be freely and promptly furnished. We have often felt the importance of publishing similar information in our columns, connected with the Reformed churches, early founded in Pennsylvania and adjacent States. Will some of our brethren, who have it in their power to gather up this kind of information, take the hint, and render to the Church, as well as to us, an interesting and most important service in this direction?

FAMILY ASSISTANT.

A second edition of this work, in its thoroughly revised form, was issued a few weeks ago. The fact that it has been called for, is an indication, that the author was not mistaken in his impression that the work was needed to meet a felt want. This conclusion is strengthened by the fact, that no special agencies have been employed to promote its circulation. The call for the work has been continuous and regular.

Some time ago we gave a few extracts from some of the notices taken of the work by the press. Other notices of it have appeared since that time. It is gratifying to find, that none of them have been unfavorable, and some of them highly complimentary. We cull from a few of them the following additional extracts:

Princeton Review for April, 1874. "An excellent manual for its purpose. The prayers are suited to most of the vicissitudes and occasions for which they are needed. They are also chaste and devotional."

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Sower and Gospel Field: "Dr. Fisher's book seems to us to be admirably fitted for the use for which it is intended. The prayers are simple, comprehensive, and Scriptural."

Those who aid in the circulation of

the book may have the consciousness of participating in doing good. For sale by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 per copy. On the receipt of this amount, a copy will be sent to any address per mail, postage prepaid.

THE CHEERFUL SPIRIT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Ventured, Won.

(From the German of Dr. Henry Müller).

The world holds to this sentiment. The wicked sin boldly venturing on the mercy of God. How many a game is played, under the presumed favor of divine grace! I will not share their risk; the gain is bad. He who sins, presuming upon grace, reaps disfavor and anger. He who sins presuming upon grace, sins two-fold. It is enough that he risks his soul; how dare he drag God's grace along into the game? God's grace is not a fosterer, but a destroyer of sin. Else I should join in praising the sentiment, Ventured, Won.

I do not make much account of a faint-hearted Christian. Christians must fight; those who fight must be courageous. He who does not venture, will not win. World, do you wish to engage in the contest? Go at it vigorously. I will risk it. Is there no gain to be expected, there is also no loss to be feared; you give me nothing, you take nothing from me. You have nothing, that can you give. I have nothing, that can you take from me. What we both have belongs to God. He gives, He takes away; to whom and from whom He will. Blessed be His name!

Satan, have you the courage? Come on. Great is your power, mine is still greater. Omnipotence is greater than power. You are a lion, but you are tied fast; you can indeed roar, but you cannot devour. You are a dog, but fastened by a chain. You can bark, it is true, but you cannot bite. You go in herds, and draw a large swarm of bees after you. Those who are with me, are still more than those against me. 2 Kings 6: 16. I do not fear many hundred thousand devils, who set themselves against me round about. Psalm 3: 6. They compass me about like bees; but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them. Psalm 118: 12. You are angry; what do I care for anger, when it cannot harm me? Your head is gone, your power is gone. Be you angry evermore, what do I care for it? You are crafty; you depend upon your thousand artifices. Wisdom surpasses craftiness. Do you not know well the man, in whom are hidden all treasures of wisdom? Col. 2: 3. He of God is made unto me wisdom. 1 Cor. 1: 30.

Death, do you also wish to engage in the contest? I will risk it, yea, with you more gladly than with others. I know you well. I set you by my side at the table; I lodge you in my bed; with you I talk, when I am alone; with you I amuse myself in my garden. I am fully accustomed to dying, as I die daily. You do me no harm. Are you called bitter? I call you sweet. Are you called horrible? I call you lovely. Are you called no joy? I call you my

joy. Are you called take away? I call you welcome. Are you called death? I call you my life. Are you called spare not? Why should I ask you to spare me? I am not better than other men. What do you take from me? Life? Take it evermore. Even though it may have been precious, yet has it been labor and sorrow. Psalm 90: 10. Do you take the body? I thank you for delivering me from the body of this death. What do you take of mine? Is not God more than I am? To venture with thee is great gain. Thou transferrest from labor to rest; from suffering to joy. To die is my gain. Phil. 1: 24.

Shall it also be ventured with God? Yea, truly, only at it. Here shall we gain the most. Thou dost not terrify me, my God. I find at length what I should find, a gracious countenance under the mask; a father-heart under the lion's skin; Thou appearest differently from what Thou art. Thou blusterest and stormest, so as to strike terror into Thy little child. Does a tear then trickle down before Thee, Thou advancest and liftest it up, embracest Thy child and kissest him. All ends in a blessing. I will not let Thee go, until Thou bless me. Gen. 32: 26.

AN INTERESTING OBSERVANCE.

A Harvest Home service was held in Heller's Reformed church, Lancaster county, Pa., on Sunday, the 2d instant. The church is located on the Old Horseshoe Road, six miles east of Lancaster. The occasion was one of more than usual interest. The following account of the services, as well as some of the surroundings of the place, we copy from the "Lancaster Express":

"This church was founded in 1772, and rebuilt in 1860; and within the past year, it has been repainted and improved outside and inside, the aisles and pulpit carpeted, and an organ placed in the church. It is quite a modern edifice, and one of the oldest church sites in the county. They have a large congregation and a prosperous Sunday-school.

"On the above day the pastor, Rev. D. W. Gerhart, of New Holland, preached the annual harvest sermon (in the English language) from the 2d verse, 10th chapter of Luke: "The harvest truly is plenty, but the laborers are few." His remarks were very appropriate, and the congregation paid every attention during the service. A collection was taken up for missions.

"After the close of the service, we walked through the cemetery attached to the church, where we saw one of the most beautiful tributes of love to the memory of the dead. The burial lot of Mr. John S. Givler, of Philadelphia, was just covered with flowers, being the handsomest floral decoration in memory of loved ones we ever saw. Around the base of the handsome monument, erected in memory of his deceased wife and only child, were eight or ten bouquets, and their grave was covered with bouquet wreaths and crosses of choice flowers. Every grave in this lot had a bouquet on it, and all the bouquets were in tumblers (filled with water), held by patent galvanized wire holders; the wreaths and crosses were hung on galvanized iron rods.

This was indeed a beautiful sight; and we were informed, that this lot is decorated in this way every Sunday during the flower season by the teachers, scholars and friends of the Sunday-school, in memory of the late Mrs. Julia Augusta Givler (and her dear, dear babe), whose remains rest here, and who, during her life, was such a lover of flowers, and a true friend of Sunday-school children. He life was a noble one, and will ever be referred to with pleasure by all who knew her."

THE LATE REV. JOHN JACOB WILLIAM DAHLMAN.

In our issue of week before last, we briefly announced the death of this brother, which took place at the residence of his son in West Philadelphia. The following interesting sketch of his life and death, we freely reproduce from a somewhat lengthy but affectionate tribute to his memory, prepared by his son, and published in the "Reformirte Kirchenzeitung" of the 15th instant.

Brother Dahlman was born in Elberfeld, Rhine-Prussia, on the 29th of June, 1801. His father, John Henry Dahlman, was a native of Vollmarkstein, Westphalia, and his mother, Anna Gertrude Ludwig, of Elberfeld. On the 4th of July following his birth, he was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Rauschenbusch, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and confirmed in the fifteenth year of his age.

He received such an education, as the elementary schools, in the midst of the existing war troubles, afforded. His parents both died early, his father when he was fourteen years old, and his mother a year later. He was thus early thrown upon his own resources, and though young in years, he manifested a deep interest in the welfare of his two younger sisters. After he had learned a trade in his native city, he journeyed, as the custom was, through Germany and Switzerland, in order to perfect himself in his calling, by means of the facilities afforded for such a purpose in the larger towns and cities.

In 1826 he came to Basel, and was urged by different persons at this place to devote himself to mission work. It was here that the turning point in his life occurred. Though heretofore more or less given to skepticism, he yet could never divest himself of the impression, which the memorial verse given him by his pastor at his confirmation, made upon him: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Yea, it seemed ever to gain a stronger hold upon his mind.

The leadings of the prevenient grace of God in Christ, which in later years he more clearly understood, became from that time ever more manifest. Missionary Isenberg, from the Wupperthal, then a student at Basel Mission House, took an interest in him, and was the means, in the hands of God, of leading him to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to salvation in and through Him. As he was advanced in years, his admission into the Mission House was held under consideration by the Directors. Before a decision was

reached, however, he returned to his native place, under the impression, that the Lord had other designs in view in regard to him.

He had been scarcely a year in Wupperthal, before he was overtaken with serious illness, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. In the midst of all his sufferings, and on the verge of the grave, he was joyful in his Saviour, and longingly awaited the hour of his release, so that he might be with his Lord God, however, had other purposes in view in regard to him, and whilst his Christian friends were singing hymns around his supposed dying bed, it seemed to be said to him, as it was to the prophet Elijah, "Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee."

Shortly after he recovered from his illness, he set up business for himself in the market town of Barmen, and on the 27th of April, 1829, was married to Maria Catharine Helene Hahn, of Kronenberg, near Elberfeld. Dr. Frederick Wilhelm Krummacher officiated on the occasion, who said to him, when he engaged his services, "My dear friend, you are entering into a new wilderness; take with you, however, the comfort of the Holy Scriptures by the way: 'His bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.'"

This marriage was a happy one; for they were one in heart and soul in the Lord. Their house, in which the Spirit of Christ reigned, was a refuge for many of the oppressed, who often sought counsel and comfort there, and were directed to the only Counsellor and Comforter. In his intercourse with those in his employ, he ever insisted upon a living Christianity; and had the pleasure of seeing a number of them received into the Rhine Mission House and sent out as missionaries to the heathen, where they labored with success in the Lord; and others as ministers of the gospel, still preach the word of reconciliation in our Church.

Two children were the fruit of this marriage, a daughter, Helene, who was married to the Rev. Carl Becker, at present pastor at Glassborough, N. J., and entered into her heavenly rest, four years earlier than her father; and a son, Jacob Dahlman, pastor of Emanuel's Reformed Church in Philadelphia. For full fifteen years he shared the joys and sorrows of life with his beloved wife. Many severe trials had they to pass through together, but a merciful Father helped them through them all, and they could joyfully magnify his grace, which was great towards them. After a six weeks' severe illness, during which the gracious Shepherd, Jesus Christ, was her rod and her staff upon which she leaned, He released her from all suffering and sorrow. She entered into her rest in the arms of her Saviour, in whom she believed, and who was precious to her, from her youth up, in the forty-eighth year of her age.

On the 15th of April, 1845, he was married a second time, to Anna Wilhelmina Korten, of Barmen. She also was a fellow-pilgrim in the journey to their eternal home. Shortly after his second marriage, he removed with his family to his native place, Elberfeld, and became a member of the Reformed Church, to which the other members of the family already belonged. From

his spiritual stand-point he had, however, for years been cordially inclined to the doctrines of the Reformed Church.

It was his purpose to serve the Lord and provide for his family in Elberfeld, and to end his days there. But "My ways are not your ways," and "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," saith the Lord. After he had dwelt three years in Elberfeld, a desire was awakened in him by some friends to emigrate to the United States. Other circumstances, also, contributed to the same end.

The purpose was formed, and all arrangements made for emigrating. On taking leave of old friends, brethren and sisters in Christ, he remarked: "To acquire riches is not my motive in leaving my dear trusted home and the circle of my Christian brethren. It is with me, as it was with Peter, to whom Jesus said: 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'" Further, he said, not knowing or anticipating what was before him, "Perhaps the Lord can still make use of us in America."

On Easter Monday, 1848, he, with his family, to which there had been an addition of two sons, and other friends, journeyed from Elberfeld to the seaport of Bremen, to embark on the ship "George Washington," for New York. While yet in the harbor of Bremen, the youngest son, Augustus, died, after a day's illness, at the age of one year, and on the third day thereafter, his remains were lowered in a Christian manner into the depths of the North Sea. They landed on the 13th of June at New York, and after a short detention there, he journeyed with his family and friends, by way of Buffalo and Cleveland, to his old friends at Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio. Here he became acquainted with the Rev. Drs. Kammerer and Zahner, C. Kuss, and the then theological student, now Dr. I. H. Reiter.

After remaining here one year, he, through the influence of a minister, removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. At this place, he was the third time overtaken by severe illness, which again brought him to the verge of the grave. When he had again regained his strength, his physician advised him to abandon his occupation, on the score of health. In connection with this sickness, his afflictions were increased by the loss of his oldest son, Otto, by his second marriage, at the age of four and a half years.

After this manner, the Lord opened the way, and through private instruction, which he received from a neighboring minister, he prepared himself for the office of the holy ministry. At the suggestion of an old friend and minister at Buffalo, N. Y., he paid a visit to that city, in June, 1851, and as the Classis of New York held its annual sessions there at the time, he made application for license, which, after he had sustained an examination, was granted him, on condition, that he would remove within the territory of the Classis. With this condition he complied, and accordingly removed to Buffalo, in autumn of the same year. The Evangelical congregation at Lancaster, Erie County, N. Y., chose him as their pastor after the death of the Rev. Mr. Keller. He accepted their

call, and was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of the congregation, by the New York Classis, early in 1852.

His stay at Lancaster was short. At the close of the first year, he resigned his pastorship to accept of a call received from the Reformed congregation at Arnheim, Brown County, Ohio. He was prompted to this mainly by his preference to serve a congregation, which stood in regular connection with the Reformed Church.

He entered upon the duties of his new sphere of labor in September, 1853, and was, together with his wife and son Abraham Emil, then four months old, cordially received. He labored successfully in this congregation for a period of five years. As his oldest son was then at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., preparing for the ministry, and his son-in-law resided at North Hoboken, N. J., he longed to be near his children, and accordingly removed East in June, 1858.

For some months he was without a charge. Through the intervention of some friends, he was solicited by the Presbyterians to take charge of a German mission at Jamaica, Long Island, to which he acceded, and accordingly connected himself with the Presbyterian Church. Shortly after he had commenced his labors here, he lost his second wife. She died, in the full enjoyment of the hopes of the Gospel, after a short illness, on the 11th of February, 1859, in the forty-ninth year of her age. This was a severe affliction for him. He was alone, with his six-year-old son, and experienced as he had never done before, what it is to be a stranger in a strange land.

He was married a third time, in April, 1860, to widow Meta Albring, a native Hanoverian, in whom he found another true Christian helpmeet. Shortly after his marriage, he resigned his charge, and removed to North Hoboken. The German congregation at Melrose, New York, connected with the Reformed Church in America, gave him a call to become their pastor, of which he accepted. He entered upon his labors there in January, 1861, and accordingly connected himself with the Reformed Church in America. His stay here was also short. After laboring in the congregation for two and a half years, he resigned his charge, and entered again into the Reformed Church as a member of the Philadelphia Classis.

He was chosen pastor of the Bethlehem Reformed Church, at Glassborough, N. J., and entered upon the duties of this pastorate in July, 1863. During his labors here, the church, which had previously been begun, was finished, and also a parsonage, at the end of the third year, was erected near the church. He continued pastor of this congregation for six years, at the close of which he removed to Bridesburg, Pa., and labored there two years and a half, as pastor of the Emanuel's Reformed Church. Realizing that the evening of life was drawing near, and feeling the infirmities of age coming upon him, he concluded to spend the remnant of his days in retirement, and to devote them especially to his youngest son, who was preparing for the ministry in Ursinus College. He accordingly removed to

Collegeville, Montgomery County, Pa., and there spent two years in quiet and retirement, in the society of his wife and son.

He found it here too lonesome for himself and wife, and separated from friends, and deprived of Christian fellowship to a degree that made intercourse with others a felt want, and without any opportunity to attend upon the services of the sanctuary conducted in the German language, he longed to be near his oldest son in Philadelphia. During the past winter, he endured much bodily affliction at intervals; the Lord, however, restored his strength sufficiently to enable him to make his short and last journey in this pilgrimage world. He reached Philadelphia on the 21st of March, and stopped with his son, to await the preparation of his dwelling for his reception.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." He was permitted to see his proposed residence, but not to move into it. Bodily pains and sufferings confined him to his bed. A kind heavenly Father partially alleviated his pains for a season, and at the opening of July, he hoped the Lord would prolong his life yet a few years, so that his desire to see his youngest son in the active duties of the ministry might be gratified. God, however, had determined otherwise. A decided change for the worse came over him on the 30th of July; his bodily infirmities increased apace, so that on the 1st of August, at fifty minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon, he fell sweetly asleep in death, in the full assurance of faith in Jesus Christ his Redeemer, and the confident hope of eternal life and eternal salvation. May our latter end be like his!

In reference to his efficiency as a minister of Jesus Christ, it may be confidently said, that, in every congregation in which he labored, may be found traces of his pastoral activity, in some more and in others less. The reigning tone of every sermon he preached, was Christ always, and nothing but Christ the crucified; grace, the whole grace, and nothing but grace. His chief strength consisted in the fact, that he ever sought to convince the sinner by the Word of God, of his misery in consequence of sin, and of his helplessness, and at the same time, to direct him to Christ, the only all-sufficient Redeemer, High-Priest, Mediator, and Surety, which was entrusted to him by God as a special gift. He could, at times, indulge with power in the thunder tones of repentance, but then again, when necessity seemed to call for it, he would draw near to troubled souls, with the full comfort of the gospel, and pour out before them the richness of the fulness of Christ. In short, he knew how to comfort with the same comfort, with which he himself was comforted of God.

What he preached was the vital experience and conviction of his own heart. His familiarity with the Holy Scriptures, from his daily perusal of them during a long series of years, he found most opportune in his pulpit efforts. In his early years, he was blessed with a remarkably good memory, the partial loss of which in his later days he greatly deplored, especially when he was preaching, so that

at times he was tempted to cut short his discourses. The Lord, however, ever helped him through with prayer and knowledge; for which he was also truly thankful. He was a man of prayer in the full sense of the term, which was an evidence of his secret intercourse with God. The miserable praise of men was offensive to him. He did not bestow flattery even upon his most intimate friends, neither did he also desire it from them. He still knew how to manifest his love and attachment for them. The watchword with him always was, "To God alone be the glory!" It may be confidently affirmed of him, that he was a Christian from one outgush and one father in Christ. He was endowed with the happy talent of harmonizing with every soul that longed for salvation in Christ, yet without in the least compromising the truth. Christian earnestness, combined with love and friendliness, formed the ground-feature of his character.

Christ's onlaid yoke he meekly bore;
Though dead, he still lives evermore!

On the afternoon of the 4th of August, his earthly remains were conveyed to their final resting-place, attended by twelve ministers of the Reformed and other Churches, and members of Emanuel's and other Reformed churches. Rev. J. G. Neuber, pastor of Bethlehem's Reformed Church, delivered an address at the house; a sermon was preached in the church, by the Rev. Julius W. Geyer, pastor of the Reformed German Mission Church, Houston Street, New York, and the Rev. Dr. J. G. Wiehle, pastor of Salem's Reformed Church of this city, in compliance with the wishes of the deceased, performed the services at the grave. The deceased was buried in the lot belonging to Emanuel's Reformed Church, in Mount Moriah Cemetery, near the line of Delaware County, and had attained the age of 73 years, 1 month, and 3 days.

OUR GERMAN PAPERS.

The "Reformirte Hausfreund" refers to the complaints recently uttered by both the other German papers of the Church, the "Reformirte Kirchenzeitung" and the "Evangelist," in regard to the insufficiency of the support received by them. It seems difficult, from some cause or other, properly to sustain our German papers. Our Publication Board has had some unpleasant experience in this direction. With all its anxious desire and earnest efforts to subserve the interests of the German portion of the Church, its labors in their behalf did not seem to be appreciated by them, to the extent they ought to have been. At least they failed to extend a living support to the paper.

During the nine years, the "Kirchenzeitung" was published in Philadelphia, the actual outlay on it exceeded the income, to the amount of nearly \$8,000. At first, the excess of the annual expenditure was not so very large, but it increased from year to year, until the Board felt, that the burden had become too heavy to be any longer borne, and hence it transferred the paper to the German Philadelphia Classis, in the

hope, that an increased interest might be awakened by them in its behalf.

Why it was not a success in the hands of the Publication Board, it is difficult to tell. It certainly was not because it was not edited with sufficient ability, as it was generally regarded as one of the most ably edited German religious papers in the country. Perhaps it arose from the fact, that the publication of more German religious papers is called for, than the Church is able to support properly. But be the cause what it may, it becomes our German brethren to search it out and have it effectually removed. Even the "Hausfreund" itself, published in the interest of the Pennsylvania Germans, could not sustain itself, were it to be published weekly, and had it a salaried editor. As it is, it requires constant effort on the part of its friends, to sustain it.

Our English papers have somewhat similar difficulties to encounter, and might be made, with all their excellence, much better than they are, were they amply supported. The disposition to multiply papers to too large an extent, shows itself among the English portion of the Church also, and unless it is kept under proper restraint, will end in similar results.

GERMAN MARYLAND CLASSIS.

At the last annual meeting of the Maryland Classis, the German ministers belonging to the Classis, together with their respective congregations, were authorized to organize themselves into a German Classis. They availed themselves of the authority thus extended to them, and accordingly met for organization, on Tuesday evening, the 16th of June, in St. Paul's Reformed Church, Baltimore. There were present, the Rev. M. Bachman, J. C. Hauser, G. L. Neef, and J. Pister, and the Elders R. Ulrich, J. Upper, and Henry Miller, representing St. Paul's, Emanuel's and Zion's congregations.

The meeting was opened with a sermon by the Rev. M. Bachman, based on Luke xv. 1-10. At the close of the service, the Classis organized, by electing Rev. M. Bachman, President, Rev. J. C. Hauser, Secretary, and Elder Henry Miller, Treasurer. "Evangelical Classis of Maryland," was proposed for the name by which the Classis is to be known, which was adopted after a lengthy discussion.

It was subsequently ascertained, that the name was distasteful to many members of the congregations belonging to the Classis. Hence a special meeting was regularly called by the President, to reconsider the action determining the name of the Classis. This meeting was held on Tuesday the 26th of July, in Emanuel's church. The subject was discussed at length, and was finally disposed of by a unanimous vote, substituting for the former title, that of "German Maryland Classis of the Reformed Synod of the Potomac."

The result reached, we regard as a happy one. The title first adopted may have operated prejudicially to the interests of the Classis, as an integral part of the Reformed Church. The Classis is comparatively small in point of numbers; but the members who constitute it, are full of commendable

zeal and activity. We trust their efforts in their new relations will be crowned with success, and that their new organization will prove a blessing to themselves and their congregations, and to the whole Church. Whilst it is desirable, on many accounts, that our German brethren should be in separate Classes by themselves, yet their interests as well as the interests of the English portion of the Church, require, that the most harmonious relations should exist between them. These we trust, both our German and English brethren will seek assiduously to cultivate, and ardently cherish. In that event, also, they will be serenely happy, not only in their individual, but also in their mutual prosperity.

For the Reformed Church Messenger.

A VISIT TO LEBANON, TULPEHOCKEN, MEYERSTOWN.

The Reformed Church at Lebanon has a long and interesting history. Planted in the early settlement of the Keystone State, aided from the beginning by a large emigration from the Fatherland, attracted hither by the richness of the soil of this beautiful region, the Reformed Church became strong and influential, not only in this immediate vicinity, but throughout its fertile surroundings.

Strengthened by the faithful and self-sacrificing labors of able and faithful predecessors, the Reformed Church in Lebanon, with its present pastorate of twenty-three years of great fidelity and efficiency, is rich in fruits for the final harvest. The first Church numbers nine hundred members, with services in two languages, and a Sunday-school of 382 scholars, organized in two departments, main and infant, both under excellent and faithful superintendents.

In the fall of 1860, a second congregation (St. John's) composed of members of the First Church, took possession of their elegant new church edifice, now one of the most intelligent and influential congregations in the goodly town of Lebanon. After a lapse of fourteen years, this church is being repaired in a style commensurate with the onward growth and energy of its membership. The First Church is, at the present time, agitating the organization of a third congregation with the least possible delay. For this, there is at hand, abundant material. Nine hundred members are, fully by one-half, too many for the needed care of a single pastor. This the present incumbent deeply feels, and with his characteristic energy, this good and most needed movement is sure to be realized.

In connection with the writer's visit to Lebanon, he spent a delightful day in memorable old Tulpehocken, sharing the hospitalities of the time-honored parsonage. In company with its cherished inmates, we made a brief visit to the church and adjacent cemetery. Here, amid the quiet sleepers, one scene of special impressiveness engaged our attention and moved our deepest sympathies—the graves of seven children of Rev. T. Calvin Leinbach, the esteemed pastor of the Bernville charge, six of whom died in in-

fancy, the last, and only remaining child, at the age of seven years. As we gazed upon the mound, that marks the spot of each in their marble enclosure, our heart soliloquized with emotions of mingled sorrow and joy,

Short pain, short grief, dear babe was thine—
Now joys eternal and divine,
Blessed family in heaven.

We thought, and shed a silent tear for those who gave them birth, relieved by the solace of a joyous "*Wiederssehen*." The Tulpehocken congregation is large, and ever growing in numbers, intelligence, and liberality, much to the encouragement of their worthy and faithful shepherd.

A day of our brief sojourn in this community was also given to Meyers-town, the home of Palatinate College, one of the best conducted literary institutions of its class, in the State. Its professors and teachers are, for their ability and efficiency, unsurpassed. The school has passed its first year, with its faculty as now constituted, with marked prosperity, and with bright prospects of a still more auspicious future. The college building is a fine and well constructed edifice, with a good and healthy location.

The Reformed Church here, under a faithful and efficient pastorate, is in a flourishing condition, and at this time engaged in handsomely repairing its sanctuary.

What we have indicated in this brief sketch is of pretty general application in our Reformed Zion, and with the growth and prosperity of our literary and theological institutions, we may anticipate even larger results in the time to come. Without disparaging in the least, the able and efficient present workers at good old Mercersburg, or any other truly Reformed literary enterprise, our parent institutions at Lancaster claim and merit the warmest sympathy of every true friend of our Reformed heritage. These institutions enjoy an unprecedented prosperity, and are exerting a far-reaching influence in favor of sound Protestant Christianity and true Church life, not only in our own communion, but upon evangelical Christianity in general.

Never, in the past, has the teaching force in their several departments been so ample, or more efficient; nor have the young men going out to their chosen vocations been ever surpassed in fidelity and large success in their several spheres of active life. This holds with special force, we think, with those in the official service of the Church. Go where you will, and our young Heralds of the Cross abound, not only in self-sacrificing labors, but in marked fidelity to the true genius and life of our branch of the Church Catholic, reflecting not only honor upon themselves and the cause of their divine Master, but also upon the ability and fidelity of our public instructors. Let our people everywhere rejoice and be glad, and bear in their hearts and cherish with their warmest sympathies, our schools of learning, and those learned and faithful men to whom they are entrusted—then will our Zion arise and shine with ever brighter effulgence, until, with all God's sacramental host, we shall sit down together in the presence of the same glory. *

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The Sunday-school connected with St. Mark's Reformed Church, Easton, Pa., celebrated its second anniversary in the church, on Sunday afternoon, August 2d. The following account of the services on the occasion, has been kindly furnished us by a member of the school.

The building was comfortably filled by the friends of the school. The church was handsomely decorated with bouquets and flowers in bloom by the lady teachers of the school, who displayed great taste in arranging them in and about the pulpit. A large cross made of evergreen added much to the beauty of the decorations. On the wall in the rear of the pulpit was the inscription, also in evergreen, "Feed my lambs."

Shortly before 3 o'clock, the time appointed for the exercises to begin, the scholars entered the Church. The infant school came first, marshaled by Mr. R. H. Siegfried, the teacher of that department and Assistant Superintendent of the main school; the main school following in the order of classes.

The exercises began with the regular opening service of the school, after which "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung, followed by prayer by the pastor.

The first hymn on the programme—"Anniversary Hymn"—was then sung by the school, which was followed by a hymn by the infant school, entitled "The Open Door."

The infant school was then examined in the catechism, and the promptness with which they answered the questions proved that the labors of Mr. Siegfried had not been in vain.

"Ringing, Sweetly Ringing," was then sung by the main school. In this hymn there was an echo, which was sung with good effect by a quartette, out of sight, in a distant part of the Church.

The report of the school was then read by Assistant Superintendent, Mr. R. H. Siegfried, of which the following is an abstract:

The second annual report showed the school to be in a flourishing condition. Several changes were made during the year: the infant school was made a separate department, and the main school divided into two divisions. The school also secured an additional library during the past year. The number of scholars in the main department is 196; teachers, 27; in the infant department, 127 scholars, taught by the Assistant Superintendent; total of both schools, 322 scholars, 27 teachers, and 10 officers; total, 360—an increase for the past year of 49; with an average attendance of 164 scholars in the main school, and 65 in the infant school; average attendance of scholars, 229. The amount of Sunday contributions by the school for the past year amounted to \$124.90. The report closed with an appeal to the scholars, teachers, parents, and members of St. Mark's, for renewed consecration to the Sabbath-school work.

Rev. Mr. Snyder, pastor of the First Reformed Church, South Bethlehem, delivered the address. He spoke of birthdays, and the manner in which some people celebrated them. He said he doubted whether any of the scholars had ever been told by their parents

the day on which they had been baptized. He then asked the meaning of the word anniversary, but, as no one answered, he said it meant "a turning of the year." A year had passed, and with it many changes had come. He said anniversaries were also times to make resolutions, and asked the scholars to resolve during the next year to be regular, prompt, obedient, and attentive in the Sunday-school. The anecdote about the "American bee-hunters" was very appropriate, and the moral should be carried out by the scholars.

"I am Jesus' Little Lamb," by the infant-school, was then sung, the duet being rendered by two of the scholars, and the school joined in the chorus.

The main school was then examined on the "Substance of the International Lesson Papers" for the last three months, which are used in the school.

"Short is the Time to Labor," by the main school.

The pastor, Rev. G. H. Johnston, then made a few remarks on Sunday-school work. He said the Sunday-school is part of the church, and that parents should do all in their power to help forward this part of the church work. He said Sunday-school work was carried forward in a great part by persons who were not parents, and who had no particular reason for entering in the work, other than their love for it. He concluded his remarks by impressing on the minds of the parents the necessity of attending Sunday-school, and inspire those engaged in it, by their presence, to work with renewed energy. He thanked the parents and friends for their presence on the occasion, and hoped they would continue to help towards its support in the future.

A collection for the benefit of the school was then taken up.

The last hymn—"The Child and the Angels"—was then sung by the school, a quartette singing alternately with the school.

The second long metre doxology—"Praise God from whom all Blessings flow"—was then sung by the school, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Snyder.

The singing, which was excellent, was under the direction of Mr. Samuel K. Miller, who was assisted by Professor Coates and Messrs. Bateman, Heckman and Bissell.

For the Reformed Church Messenger.

THE CHARACTER AND DESIGN OF FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

The Catalogue of Franklin and Marshall College has been before the public for several months. All who have wished to examine it have had time to do so. No one who has done so, could avoid being impressed by these three thoughts: the College has no sympathy with the prevailing popular demands for practical forms of education: it regards education as having for its aim, immediately and for the time being exclusively, the cultivation of the mind for its own sake; and, "it does not invite students promiscuously to its halls; but only students who desire a full classical education for its own sake."

This position is not a new one. It

has been held for years. It is maintained, indeed, as the chief characteristic of the Institution. But the College has not prospered as its friends have wished. Though anxious care has been bestowed upon it, though earnest effort has been put forth in its behalf, it advances slowly. It gains strength as a sick man, the main cause of whose disease has not been reached, might gain health. It is feeble; it seems to lack stamina; it does not show the signs of vigorous life. May not the very principle, which the College boasts, be the secret disease, that is sapping its life? The principle itself may be true, and the evil spring from the way in which it is presented. Let us regard it in this light. Many a soldier has fallen by the careless use of the very weapon he carried for defence.

Culture for its own sake! This is presented in the Catalogue, and relied upon as the gem of truth, which, captivating the soul by its pure light, will attract students to the College. Yet, what are the sources whence recruits are to be drawn to fill up its ranks? The home of the farmer, the home of the mechanic, the home of the merchant, are the sources of its strength. Few will come from the abodes of men, who have been liberally educated. The fine idea of education for its own sake, is lost upon those, from whom it will draw its largest accessions. The thought is altogether new in them. If understood at all, it will be for the vast majority, their strongest argument of opposition. To every new thing their test question is, "What use is it?" And unless a satisfactory answer is given, their energies are at once directed to affairs whose value they know. With them, the end is inseparably linked to the beginning. Their sons share their views. College is but a place to prepare for the active duties of life. Culture is but a means to an end. Beyond the hour of training they look to the hour of action. In anticipation, they even grasp the golden apple of honor and success, while yet toiling through the first year of their course. But these are the men, who, in years hereafter, will occupy the Presidential chair, fill the halls of our Senate and Legislature, sit on the bench of the Supreme court, stand in our pulpits, and rule in every position of importance and trust. These are the men, who will weld, and shape, and mould the energies of the nation, even as the smith welds, and shapes, and moulds the heated iron. And these are the men we want. And how are we to get them? By thrusting into their faces a principle, that will be perceived only to be repudiated? By saying in cold language, that unless they adopt our views they need not approach us? No. Let us attract them by words, that can be understood and appreciated; then, if the die is a true one, stamp its impress upon them.

But the theory advanced is not put before the public in a way at all likely to win acceptance. The manner in which it is uttered cannot fail to excite a feeling of antagonism. It draws the line so sharply, that one holding opposite views would feel as if an attack had been made upon him. There is nothing conciliatory or sympathetic about it. It hardens rather than soft-

ens the asperities of distinction. It repels rather than attracts. Is that wise? Does a candid appreciation of those theories adopted by others, or a total silence in regard to them, militate at all from the value of one's own? Can any one be so positively certain of his own position, as to allow himself to speak with contempt of that of another? Is not the ability to appreciate only what is peculiar to one's self, the stamp of a narrow mind? If the idea of culture for its own sake is the correct one, it deserves to be placed before the eyes of men in its most favorable light. It deserves that care in its utterance, which will prevent misconception, disarm opposition, and win approval.

The manner, too, in which students are invited to attend the Institution would naturally convey the impression, that it was a matter of extreme indifference whether they came or stayed away. The most generous interpretation of some words used, still leaves one to wonder over the impression received. Understood as they can be, and as, in all probability they will be, by every one whose affections are not already fixed upon the College, conclusions must be drawn, which in no way reflect honor upon it. "It does not invite students promiscuously to its halls; but only students who desire a full classical education for its own sake." Are these words to be understood literally? If not, what freedom but that which would altogether subvert their meaning, is at all satisfactory? The Institution *should* invite students promiscuously to its halls. It should open its doors wide to every son of humanity, who is animated with the holy desire of raising himself from the darkness, and sin of earth, to the higher station of manhood, which education and culture give. If he comes desiring to develop to their highest power, the various faculties of his nature, he should be welcome. If he comes to acquire knowledge, simply because he loves it, he should be welcome. If he comes with the sole purpose of fitting himself for any one of the various professions, trades and occupations of life, he should be welcome. If he comes animated by any purpose that is honest, he should be welcome. If the case were otherwise the Institution would not deserve to live. From the blazing way in which, "No admission to students promiscuously," is written upon the closed doors of the College, one would suppose, that its class-rooms were overflowed with students. One might even be excused for thinking, that applicants for admission had assembled around its buildings in such dense masses, as to make the restriction necessary, in order to save the learned professors from being smothered to death by the crowd. If one would not run to this extreme, he would, at least, never suppose, that its students, all told, do not equal in numbers single classes of many other colleges. Why, if its meager company of eighty-four were to be increased suddenly to a hundred, the occasion would affect the College even as a mess of wholesome food would affect a starving man.

To increase the odium of the prohibition, there are certain persons to whom the Catalogue appeals as the ones from whom support may be expected.

They are "young men of generous minds, seeking education for themselves, and large souled parents also seeking it for their sons." To these it appeals. To these, the ones who least of all need instruction. The young man who has learned to appreciate an education is not the one to be stayed in his course by the want of an instructor. He will, like Franklin, pursue his studies in spite of every obstacle; and he will succeed. To such men as this, the appeal is made. To those unconscious of the value of talent, of time, and of eternity, to those enervated by sloth and indolence, to those misled by false views and false principles, to those seeking the truth, yet in their blindness groping for it where it cannot be found, to these not one word of encouragement is spoken. Against these the doors are closed. The Catalogue breathes very faintly the spirit of true humanity. There is no condescension about it. What is more noble than to stoop to the lowly? Is it a shame for a strong man to stoop to the earth in order to raise a cripple? Is he to be condemned, who will accommodate his steps to suit the old and infirm? Would the Institution forego any honor by assuming the language of conciliation and tender regard for all, both the high and the low, the ignorant as well as the enlightened? Open the doors of the College to all. Let all feel, that they are heartily welcome. Abolish the miserable restriction, "No admission to students promiscuously." If it is said, we do not want students, is it surprising, that we do not get them?

D. A. H.

CHURCH ITEMS.

Martinsburg, Pa.—Rev. A. C. Geary, of St. Clairsville, Pa., accepted a call from this charge, and arrangements are about to be made by the Mercersburg Classis for his installation.

Hickory Bottom, Pa.—This congregation, near Woodsbury, Bedford county, Pa., has extended a call to the Licentiate, H. F. Seipel, of Lambertville, N. J., of which it is his purpose to accept, if arrangements can be made with Mercersburg Classis, to carry his purpose into effect.

The necessity for this, if we are correctly informed, arises from the fact, that in a recent re-adjustment of several charges by the Classis, this congregation was severed from its former connection, and attached to another charge, whereas it prefers, from some cause or other, to stand alone, or at least, in some different relation. We trust there will be no difficulty in arranging matters to the entire satisfaction of the congregation and the Classis.

Chambersburg, Pa.—We saw it announced a few weeks ago, that the Trustees of Wilson Female College, at Chambersburg, Pa., had elected the Rev. H. Hanhart, recently of Covington, Ky., to the Professorship of Modern Languages in that institution. It now transpires, that he has also received and accepted a call from the St. John's Reformed Church at that place, and is about entering upon the duties of this new sphere of labor. The St. John's congregation is a small, but interesting German flock, which was

served for many years by the late Rev. Dr. B. S. Schneck, who also for a few years prior to his death, was Professor of German in the Female College.

Covington, Ky.—Rev. B. R. Huecker, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, has accepted a call from the church at this place, and expects to commence his labors in his new field some time in October next.

Agricultural.

STICK TO YOUR FARMS.

The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to go to work to improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to enclose pastures, to build comfortable out-houses, and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home more than the grogshop, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families.

Make your home beautiful, convenient, and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, and seek their chief happiness around their home fireside.

Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love of the beautiful must be satisfied. Their tastes must be cultivated. Their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end, home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts provided, and cheerfulness fostered.

There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart as well as the fields must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your home-teds; for with this good work comes contentment.—*Farmers' Vin-dicator.*

WORKING AND SALTING BUTTER.

Touching this important branch of making butter of prime quality, S. E. Lewis, of Oxford, N. Y., writes as follows: When the butter comes, as soon as the dash churns clean, take off the churn; do not gather the butter compact with the dasher in the churn (as is usually done); do not gather it at all, but have a hair sieve, which first wet in hot and then cold water, so as the butter will not stick to it; then have a piece of a board, that will fit inside of the churn, to hold the butter back, turn the buttermilk from the churn through the sieve; when the buttermilk is drained out, let the butter remain in the churn; then take your water, holding it up as high as your head, and pour it upon the butter in a stream sufficiently large so, that it will force its way through the butter; keep the stream moving about upon the butter. Fill up the churn with water until wha-

little buttermilk there was in the butter is diluted to that extent, that there will be no necessity of changing the water, and the result will be, that your butter is washed, or the buttermilk all rinsed out of the butter, without breaking, marring, or injuring a single grain. When it sufficiently hardens in the water, take it out for salting, using the ladle to get out the most of it, and then the sieve.

Now comes the salting and working. I prefer for a butter worker an inclined plane in the shape of a letter A, with a round lever. Spread the butter upon the worker, then put one-half the quantity of salt that you may desire to put on, roll it in, then with a small, flat, wooden shovel, turn one-half of it over on to the top of the other half. Put on half of the remaining salt, roll it back, do the other half the same, and then put on the balance of the salt; then work the salt in somewhat, taking particular care not to let the lever slip on the butter while working it. Always let the lever go down on the butter in a rolling motion. If you allow the lever to slip on the butter, it will destroy the grain and make it look shiny. Set the butter away in a cool place; at night put it on the worker; work it a little, then let the mass stand until the morning, and work again just enough to be sure, that the streaks are out (the white streaks are the parts that have not taken salt), then pack it. The best butter workers should stand face to the light. The best butter bowls to use are the common white oak butter tubs. If you will follow the above directions, you can manufacture butter, from sweet cream as well as sour, that will stand the atmospheric changes for any length of time when properly cared for.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

Farmers, as a general thing, are violently opposed to what they are pleased to call "book farming." This is most surely a marvellous thing. The lawyer cannot do without his books: the skilful practitioner of medicine consults his books or calls in a consulting physician, whenever a very bad case occurs in his practice; the minister of the gospel, who would teach the people among whom he is called to labor, is expected to read and study. Is it not strange, that the farmer can learn nothing from books? Or, rather, is it not strange, that any man would conclude, that he could learn nothing from books? The carpenter reads books on architecture, and from these he learns the most important facts connected with his trade? No occupation or calling in life can be reduced to a science without books. The misfortune in this country is, that farming is carried on in a kind of haphazard way. There is little science about the thing, from beginning to end. In fact, there seems to be a prejudice in the minds of many farmers against science itself. They seem to think, that science means a long list of impracticable theories. With them, the words science and vagaries mean about the same thing.

Science consists of two things—facts and the mind, that discovered them. Such is the case with the science of medicine, of astronomy, of law, of theology, of geology, and of agriculture. Facts and mind are

the base of all the sciences. Science includes, also, an understanding of the laws by which the facts were brought about. This is the point upon which farmers are generally deficient. They have discovered a vast multitude of facts; but they are barren facts. The laws by which these facts were developed, have not been fully investigated. As an illustration of what we mean, this fact may be mentioned. Farmers generally believe, that stable manure is the best of all manures. It is true that stable manure is a good manure, and for some kinds of lands, and for some kinds of crops, it is better than any other; but this does not make it the best manure under all circumstances. Because stable manure is good for corn, it does not follow, that it is good for wheat. It may be excellent to make wheat straw, but not good to make grains.

Much scientific knowledge is necessary to the farmer, that he may mix and apply manures properly. He may mix two kinds of manure, each by itself good, so that they will neutralize each other. In the soil there are many chemical properties, and chemical action takes place in the ground as well as in the barn-lot or the laboratory. Ignorance of this fact often costs the farmer the loss of crop. He buys guano and puts it on the ground, and reports, that it did more harm than good. This was no doubt the fact. He lost his money and his labor. Lime on red land acts very differently from what it does on sandy land. The reason of this is, there are some chemical properties in the one, that are not in the other.

To be a good farmer, a man must have good common sense, and he must reduce the facts, that nature reveals to him to practice. He must follow nature, not force her. He must be obedient to her mandates. This is scientific farming—*Yorkville Inquirer*.

IDLENESS.

Many young people think, that an idle life must be a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short periods of rest and recreation so much, that they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation, it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for rest implies a relief from previous labors; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle can know nothing of it. Many people leave off business and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they gradually find, that they are not nearly so happy as they were before, and they are often glad to return to their old occupations to escape the miseries of indolence.

HOW TO COOK BEEFSTEAK.

Some time since a complete encyclopedia of useful knowledge in human form became an inmate of a

family. When this learned guest came among them he was consulted as an oracle in many cases, and was asked one morning, "Would he tell or show them a better way to cook the steak for breakfast?" He took the thin, long handled frying-pan from its nail, and, putting it on the stove, heated it quite hot. In this he put the pieces of steak previously pounded, but to their surprise did not put a particle of butter in the frying-pan, and did not salt his steak. He allowed the steak to merely glaze over, and then turned it quickly to the other side, turning it several times in this manner, until it was done. Four minutes were not employed on the operation, but a juicier piece of steak was never eaten. It was, when done, laid on the platter, previously warmed, and was buttered and salted and set a moment in the hot oven. Allowing the steak to heat but a moment on each side helped it to retain all its sweet juices, and putting on the salt the last moment after it was on the platter drew out its juices.

MID-DAY REST.

The French Canadian farmers arrange their Summer labors very wisely. The Summer days are long in Lower Canada, and farmers rise by four or earlier, and after a light breakfast get to work before five. They then work till about ten, take dinner and, perhaps, a sleep till about three in the afternoon, when they go out and work till seven or eight. Their hours of labor are thus nine or ten, in the coolest part of the day, and they are equally fresh for both morning and evening labors. They have six or seven hours for sleep at night, besides a mid-day nap, if they take it, and they can do some chores in the house, barn, or stables, during the long mid-day interval. Would it not be well to copy, to some extent, this wise plan in these Northern States, where the Summer days are long, and often intensely hot? There could surely be no difficulty in getting into the fields by six, and working to say eleven, then resting and dining till two, and working till seven. This would avoid the great heat of the day and give ten hours for work, which we think too long, except in a push. Nine hours in the field would probably turn out quite as much effectual labor of man and beast, and leave more time for chores. What do farmers say on this most important subject? Such a change, to be valuable for this year, should obviously be made at once.

TENDER-FOOTED HORSES.

An old man, who has had much experience in handling and dealing with horses for more than half a century, said to me recently, that he had never known a horse to get tender-footed, that was kept loose in a shed and yard, or in a box-stall; that turning round and treading with their forward feet in the manure kept them constantly moist and soft. His theory appeared perfectly reasonable to me. I have no box-stalls, but I use shavings for bedding, and, every morning with a large shovel, I move the wet shavings under the horse forward, in front of, and under his forward feet, and then, the last thing at night,

cover these with dry shavings for him to lie on. He also remarked, that he had never known a flat-footed horse but was a great worker.

DARK STABLES.

Any person who has felt the pain and inconvenience of coming suddenly from a dark room into the full blaze of day, will easily conceive the necessity of lighting a stable in a proper manner. This is too often neglected in confined stables, and the consequences are distressing to a humane observer. The poor animal led suddenly out, shows his pain quickly in unmistakable expressions, stumbles and runs against anything that may happen to be near, until the eye has in some degree accommodated itself to the new circumstances under which it is placed. Nor is this all. By a continuance of this change from darkness to sudden daylight, the eyes become seriously injured. The retina, or sensitive nerve, becomes dull, and more or less useless, the sight is injured, the animal starts and shies at objects which he sees imperfectly, and many a rider, who has received dangerous injury, has to thank his inattention to this simple cause rather than to any vicious habit of the animal to which it has been attributed. Blindness is almost certain to be caused by inattention to the above caution, but even blindness is less dangerous to the rider than imperfect sight.

Editor's Table.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LEADER. A Collection of Sacred and Secular Music, for Choirs, Conventions, Singing Schools, Normal Musical Academies, and the Home Circle. By Henry Palmer, Assisted by L. O. Emerson. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. New York, C. H. Ditson & Co., and Chicago, Lyon & Healy. Pp. 336. Price, \$1.35 per copy; \$12 per dozen.

The above is the title of a new Music-Book, which presents its claims for public favor. It has been very neatly gotten up, as are all similar publications issued by the same publishers. Its appearance is at once attractive to the eye, which is much in its favor.

It opens with a full set of Theoretical and Practical studies for the young beginner, in which the elements of music are unfolded and practically applied. These are followed with a great variety of tunes, of every measure and style. We are not sufficiently versed in the science of music to venture upon a critical examination into their character. With such knowledge of music as we possess, we should conclude, that they are characterized by more than ordinary excellence. Doubtless the lovers of good music will find in the work much that is to their taste.

Married.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. C. S. Gerhard, Mr. Charles W. Bassler, of Sunbury, Pa., to Miss Louisa H. Glace, of Friedensburg, Berks Co., Pa.

Obitaries.

DIED, near Greencastle, on the 26th ult., Mrs. Catharine Sheeley, aged 87 years, 10 months and 20 days.

Mrs. Sheeley was from early years a consistent member of the Reformed Church. She loved to meet with God's people in the sanctuary, and her place was seldom vacant, until she became enfeebled by age. During her later years she was an invalid, but with Christian resignation she passed them in patient expectation of her Master's appearing.

Mrs. Sheeley was the mother of a large family. Her grand children numbered more than seventy, and her great-grand-children more than eighty. All of these, more or less, feel the power of her Christian life and example.

Let us follow the example of the righteous, that at death we may enter their joy.

In Lancaster, Pa., on Wednesday August 12th, Matthias Zahm, in the 85th year of his age.

The "Lancaster Express" of the 13th of August, contains the following notice of the deceased:

"The life of the deceased is so well known to the community, that we can scarcely enlighten them much upon the subject. Who is there in the community—in the whole county—who did not know and love "Grandpap" Zahm, as he was familiarly called? For more than forty years the crier of our county courts, and for more than half a century a court officer (having been tip-stave for a number of years before being court-crier,) he was widely known and respected. Of the rugged men of a part century—of a class who were born with good constitutions and knew how to take care of them—he was seldom sick and never absent from his post of duty save during the last two terms of court, when his health began to fail him. His genial face will be missed everywhere; from his large family circle; from the streets, where he never failed to nod smilingly to all whom he met; from the Court Room, where many a quaint story from his lips helped to relieve the tedium experienced by his friends of the bar during interruptions to business; from the social circle, where he was always welcome and among the liveliest there. The deceased was the father of eight children—four sons and four daughters—all of whom are living but one; and as most of them are married, he had many grandchildren and quite a number of great-grand-children. He was a kind husband and father, a good neighbor and citizen, and raised a family of whom he might well feel proud, and who lived to bless him in his declining years. His funeral will take place from his late residence on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, to proceed to Lancaster Cemetery.

DIED, August 11th, near Schellsburg, Mr. Frederick Miller, aged sixty-two years, eleven months and twenty-seven days.

The following resolutions were offered by J. W. Bowen, Secretary of the Consistory of the Schellsburg Charge of the Reformed Church:

Resolved, That the Elders and Deacons of the said Charge recognize the hand of Providence in the removal by sudden and unlooked-for

death of Elder Frederick Miller, a member of this body, whose influence and Christian character has been felt and acknowledged by us, as well as the congregation of which he was an influential member.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathize with the bereaved widow and children in their affliction, and we commend them to Christ, the head of the Church, as their comforter and consoler, trusting that their loss is his eternal gain.

Acknowledgments.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Received per Rev J F Busche, from George Augustine, New York, for Breslau, Long Mission, \$25 00
from John Lerch, Bethlehem, Pa, for Church Extension on Pacific Coast, 100 00
\$125 00

GEO. GELBACH,
Treasurer Ch. Extension Fund,
1701 Master street.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Received at Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, Pa.
From
Charity Box of the Home, \$ 66
Charles Berg, Leesport, Hauling, \$1 00
A Friend, 1 00
Pattonville Sunday-school, per M I Haderman, 5 00
Miller's Reformed Sunday-school
Lehigh Co, per David Shirer, 6 00
Forest congregation, Berks Co,
Rev M L Fritch, 10 57
\$24 23

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Received per Rev A S Leinbach, from Rev J Kline Schuykill Haven, Pa, collected in charge, \$10, Wm Levan, and Rev J C Johnson's charge, \$5, and Rev C H Mutchler, collected in charge, \$35, paid to a particular beneficiary, \$50 00

SAMUEL R. FISHER,
Treasurer.

HOME MISSIONS.

Received from Salem Church, Harrisburg, for Missions in Lancaster Classis, per Rev W H H Snyder, \$60 00
from Newport charge, Rev Jas Crawford, for Missions on Pacific Coast, 25 87
\$85 87

W. H. SEIBERT, Treas.
Harrisburg, Pa.

MESSENGER ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(August 17, 1874.)

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Rev J H Sykes, W F Lichter, Rev J W Dengler (2), Rev W S Schaeffer, G P Harizel, H G White, G W Geiser, Box 393 Peoria, Ill, Rev D C Tobias, C W E Siegel, C L B Dechant, Rev U H Heilman, Rev D Y Heisler (1), Rev W B Hofford, Rev F Strassner, Rev F Pilgrim, J Slongerhoup, S A Becker, J H C Roentgen, H Springborn, M A Meyer, Rev N Z Snyder, C Hoffman, Dodd and Mead, C Bauman F U Keefer, A K Kline, H Johnson, Rev J Ault, Rev J B Thompson D D, J H Santee, Rev D Weiser, D D, J W Mays, Rev W R H Deatrich, J Gessner, Mrs A Taylor, S A Alt, D M Whitmore, B B Ferer, F Lehmer, Rev E D Miller, E L Helwig, C R Rishel, Rev J Wolback, J Lorah, B Wolff, Jr, Mrs E Bennet, C A Moritz, Rev A J Heller, L H Cort, Rev J H Schlappig, P Greding, G A Whitmore, Mrs D Knauss, L Kell, M Grove, Rev A C Whitmer, A H Voss, D Kindy, Rev H F Keener, J R Hiltush, W Beecher, N A Gobrecht, J Wright, Rev H I Comfote, W Moyer, H J Steckel, Rev M Heize, Rev C F Hoffmeier, Rev J H Sykes, L B Zacharias, Rev W Donat, G P Everhart, C M Boueh, I Smith, C J Rawling, Rev Dr J O Miller, Rev J W G Dengler, Rev A Houz.

Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

(Saturday, August 15, 1874.)

FLOUR.

Wheat Flour, Superfine..... \$3.50@4.25
" Extra..... 6.25@6.75
" Fancy..... 8.00@9.00
Rye Flour..... 5.25@5.50
Corn Meal..... 4.25@4.40

GRAIN.

Wheat, White..... 1.35@1.55
" Red..... 1.20@1.30
Rye..... 87@88
Corn..... 82½@84
Oats..... 50@54
Barley..... 2.00@2.30

SEEDS.

Clover.....(100lbs) 10.50@11.50
Timothy..... 3.25@3.75
Flax..... 1.90@2.00
Plaster..... 4.75@5.00

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Mess..... 16.00@17.00
Pork, Mess..... 24.00@24.50
Ham..... 15@16½
Butter, store packed..... 16@18
Do. Roll..... 22@25
Do. Goshen..... 30@33
Lard..... 13½@15
Cheese..... 12½@14
Eggs..... 19@20

GROCERIES.

COFFEE.
Rio.....(gold) 18@21½
Java.....(gold) 25½@27
Laguayra.....(gold) 21@21½

SUGAR.

Cuba..... 6½@8½
Porto Rico..... 7½@8½
Demarara..... 10½@11½

The day after a Debauch the parched tongue, nausea, shivering, and febrile symptoms, prove that poison has entered the veins and arteries, and been circulated with the blood through every organ. More slowly, but not less certainly, the use of the Alcoholic Astringents sold as medicines, depresses the vital fluid and wrecks the nervous system. Touch them not, taste them not. In DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS you have a pure temperance tonic, blood depurient, alterative and laxative, of unparalleled efficacy, and absolutely harmless.

Advertisements.

FOR SINGING CLASSES!

THE SONG MONARCH!!

By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.

A book admirably fitted for the use of Singing School Teachers, having, in addition to a compact theoretic course, more than 180 pages filled with Glee, Quartettes, Airs, Tunes, &c., &c., pleasant to sing anywhere, and constituting a most agreeable course of study. A good book also for College Choirs, for Seminaries and Social Sing.

Price 75 cts. or \$7.50 per dozen.

For Choirs and Conventions.

THE LEADER!!

is the Leader of all Church Music Books for 1874 and 1875, being the first in the field and of a character that cannot be excelled.

By H. R. PALMER of Chicago, assisted by L. O. EMERSON, of Boston, containing also compositions from the hands of large numbers of American Music writers.

FOR CONVENTIONS, CHOIRS, and SINGING CLASSES.

The LEADER has 86 pages of Singing School Music the same as that in the Song Monarch, and large numbers of new Tunes and Anthems, all by the best composers.

Price \$1.38 or \$12.00 per dozen.

Specimen copies of the above books mailed, post-paid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., C. H. DITSON & CO., Boston, 711 Broadway, New York.
May 27, '74-1 yr. M.

NEW ASTHMA REMEDY.

Having struggled twenty years between life and death with ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS, I experimented myself by compounding roots and herbs, and inhaling the Medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered a most wonderful remedy and sure cure for Asthma and its kindred diseases. Warranted to relieve the severest paroxysm instantly, so the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Druggists are supplied with sample packages for free distribution. Call and get one, or address D. LANGRISH, Apple Creek, Ohio. Sold by druggists. Price for full size package, \$1.25
Aug. 19, '74-4t.

FITS!

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY: OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy, or falling Fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him:

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1867.

To SETH HANCE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician; was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any preliminary symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I was occupied with and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 836 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Sure-joined will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS. June 30th.—Seth S. Hance—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. He has never had a fit since.

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure.

Yours, etc., C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR FALLING FITS BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS

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